

CH. Fifth

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Count DU BEAUVAL,

INCLUDING

Some Curious PARTICULARS

Relating to the DUKES of

Wharton *and* Ormond,

During their Exiles.

WITH

ANECDOTES of several other Illustrious and
Unfortunate Noblemen of the present Age.

*Translated from the French of the Marquis D'ARGENS,
Author of The Jewish Letters.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. CROWDER and H. WOODGATE,
at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pater-noster Row*.

M.DCC.LVI.



To the Right Honourable

S O P H I A,

L A D Y D E S E R T,

Of the KINGDOM of

I R E L A N D.

M A D A M,

WHILE other Persons, who voluntarily inlist themselves in the World of Letters, either as Authors or
A Tran-

DEDICATION.

Translators, chuse Patrons with a View to subsequent Favors; it shall be my Resolution, when Recollection supplies the Idea of them (and my Memory is not short-liv'd to Gratitude) to select those, who have been any Way my Friends, and thus publicly own my Obligations, since Fortune has refus'd me an *adequate* Power of Return.

Here, your Ladyship claims foremost Place. You
have

DEDICATION.

have sometimes thought my *boyish* Attempts not below your Notice ; you have vouchsafed them your Approbation (an Approbation that might have grac'd a finish'd Performance) which excited me to a Continuance in literary Labor, and contributed to make me aim at Improvement. If there be any Merit in what the World may see under my Name, it must be attribu-

DEDICATION.

ted to such generous Encouragement.

It is to be hop'd this *real* Reason will sufficiently excuse the Liberty taken in this Address to your Ladyship. Then will your Name, Madam, be a certain Defence to him, to whom your Praise, heretofore, has given additional Strength, whom thereby you have authoris'd to proceed, in Spite of the super-

DEDICATION

superficial Critic, who condemns where he don't understand ; or the snarling Misanthrope, who, sower'd by the Disappointments his Merits have met with from the judicious World, which, except it be animated by the Warmth of such a solar Body as your Ladyship's Applause, proves ungrateful Soil, mutters Damnation over all he meets, indiscriminately, thro' Malice prepense, or by Way of Revenge retort, The

A 3

latter

DEDICATION.

latter of these calls for my Pity, the former compels my Contempt.

The Marquis D'ARGENS, from whom the ensuing Volume is translated, is a Name, Madam, not unknown to your Ladyship ; his *Jewish* Letters have been every where admir'd, and his other Writings have been sought after with Avidity. The Marquis, Madam, was always a Defender of your Sex,

DEDICATION.

Sex, and had he been honour'd with your Acquaintance, the Strength of your Ladyship's intellectual Beauties, join'd to the Eclat of your personal Perfections, had forc'd him to sue your Protection. Where there appear'd Room, or Intelligence, sufficient to enlarge his Stories, or where the Brevity of the *English* seem'd to make the curtail-ing his Phrases necessary, it has not been scrupled; there are some few other mate-

DEDICATION.

rial Differences between
the Original and the Tran-
slation, particularly, near
the End of the Work.
If Lady DESERT, whose
Name implies Judgment,
approve, it will be his
greatest Pleasure, who is
proud to subscribe himself,

M A D A M,

With great Respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most oblig'd, and

Obedient humble Servant,

Samuel Derrick.

P R E F A C E.

*T*HE Ground-work of Romances, till of late Years, has been a Series of Actions, few of which ever existed but in the Mind of the Author; to support which, with proper Spirit, a strong picturesque Fancy, and a nervous poetical Diction, were necessary. When these great Essentials were wanting, the Narration became cold, insipid, and disagreeable.

The principal Hero was generally one who fac'd every Danger, without

P R E F A C E.

any Reflection, for it was always beneath him to think; it was a sufficient Motive of persisting, if there seem'd Peril; conquering Giants, and dissolving Enchantments, were as easy to him as riding. He commonly sets out deeply in Love; his Mistress is a Virgin, he loses her in the Beginning of the Book, thro' the Spite or Craft of some malicious Necromancer, pursues her thro' a large Folio Volume of Incredibility, and finds her, indisputably, at the End of it, like try'd Gold, still more charming, from having pass'd the Fire Ordeal of Temptation.

Amusement and Instruction were the Intent of these Sort of Writings; the former they always fulfill'd, and if they sometimes fail'd in the latter, it was because the Objects they conjur'd up to
Fancy,

P R E F A C E.

Fancy, were merely intellectual Ideas, consequently not capable of impressing so deeply as those which are to be met with in the Bustle of Life.

Hence those, whose Genius led them to cultivate this Sort of writing, have been induc'd to examine amongst such Scenes as are daily found to move beneath their Inspection. On this Plan are founded the Writings of the celebrated Mons. MARIVAUX, and the Performances of the ingenious Mr. FIELDING; each of whom are allow'd to be excellent in their different Nations.

The Marquis D'ARGENS, sensible of the Advantages accruing from Works of this Kind, was not satisfied with barely copying the Accidents, but has also united with them the real Names of

P R E F A C E.

Persons, who have been remarkable in Life; conscious that we pay a more strict Attention to the Occurrences that have befallen those who enter within the Compass of our Acquaintance, or Knowledge, and if a Moral ensues from the Relation, it is more firmly rooted in the Mind, than when it is to be deduc'd from either Manners or Men, with whom we are entirely unacquainted.

The Marquis is easy in his Stile, delicate in his Sentiments, and not at all tedious in his Narration. In the following Piece we find Nothing heavy or insipid, he dwells not too long upon any Adventure, nor does he burthen the Memory, or clog the Attention with Reflections intended, too often more for the Bookseller's Emolument, in swelling the Bulk of the Performance, than the Service of the Reader, on whom he knew
it

P R E F A C E.

it to be otherwise an Imposition ; since, by long-winded wearisome Comments upon every Passage (a Fault too frequent in many Writers) he takes from him an Opportunity of exercising his reflective Abilities, seeming thereby to doubt them.



T A B L E

14

TABLE

OF

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Design of these Memoirs. The Author's Birth and Education; his Acquaintance and Folly with LA NOROUSE. Fights with St. GERMAIN, and is sent into the Country. LA NOROUSE's Perfidy. He is committed to the Care of RASAC, falls in Love with ANGELICA, is rival'd, and involu'd anew, but reliev'd by RASAC. I

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. II.

RASAC's Education and Temper ; his first Prospects in Life ; becomes acquainted with Baron CUINAC, who flies with his Mistress to Brussels ; falls in Love with LUCINDA, and is press'd to marry another Woman, against which he resolves at the Hazard of his Fortune. 14

CHAP. III.

RASAC disobliges his Uncle entirely, and quits his House. LUCINDA's Advice to him, in Consequence thereof, practis'd ineffectually. She entertains another Lover, and RASAC abandons her. His Affairs take an unexpected Turn. He revenges her Infidelity fully upon his Mistress, and disconcerts all her Designs. The Arrival of the Counsellor. 24

CHAP. IV.

LE COUVREUR's Birth, Family, and Character Her Introduction on the Stage, and Amour with an Officer, with its melancholy Termination. Her Behaviour afterwards, and Affair with young GLINGLIN. Their Separation, and her Appearance

C O N T E N T S.

Appearance for the first Time on the Paris Stage, under the Care of BARON. Her Attachment to Marshal SAXE. His setting out for COURLAND, and a Proof of her Love and Gallantry in forwarding that Expedition. 34.

CHAP. V.

*Count SAXE returns from Courland, and LE COUVREUR receives pleasing News from GLINGLIN. The Count intrigues with the Dutcheß B*****, whom LE COUVREUR publicly affronts. An odd Adventure of Abbe *****. His Proceeding afterwards. LE COUVREUR suddenly taken ill. The Manner of her Death. A Dispute about her Interment, in which the Priest gets the better; reasons against his Conduct.* 42

CHAP. VI.

The Author and RASAC set out for Spain; commence an Acquaintance with the Dutcheß of ST. BLASS and MARIA D'ALINCASTRA. A new Love-adventure, and Marriage intended. The Marquis DE MONTORIO appears. An unexpected Change in Affairs. A Country Journey.
The

CONTENTS.

*The Dutcheſs manifeſts great Friendſhip for
BEAUVAL, and the Match is entirely broke
off.* 52

CHAP. VII.

*The Occaſion of the Duke of W———N's retiring
to Spain. His Reception at Court. Falls in
Love with a Maid of Honour. Demands her of
the Queen, who at firſt refuſes, but is at length
prevailed on to conſent to the Match. Retires to
France with his new marry'd Dutcheſs, in a diſ-
contented Mood, but returns again to Madrid.* 59

CHAP. VIII.

*The Duke gets a Regiment, quarter'd at Barce-
lona. Affronted by a Maſk, and Quarrels with
the Vice-roy of Catalonia. Laid under an Arreſt.
Falls violently ill. Retires to a Convent, and dies
in very indifferent Circumſtances. Some Obſer-
vations on the Promiſes of a Court. RASAC,
and his Pupil, ſet out for Barcelona.* 67

BOOK

CONTENTS.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

BEAUVAL and RASAC's Arrival at Barcelona.
The Friendship of the Dutcheſs of ST. BLASS,
accounted for by the Marquis DE MONTORIO. 75

CHAP. II.

The Dutcheſs's Birth and firſt Intrigue with a young Colonel, whom ſhe marries. Becomes intimate with the Duke DE ST. BLASS, and makes her Husband very uneaſy, whom ſhe accuses of Imbecillity. Retires to a Convent. Obtains a Divorce, and marries the Duke, who is ſoon after kill'd. 78

CHAP. III.

BEAUVAL Intrigues with Madam DE MARISCHAL, and is ſucceſſful. Her Husband oblig'd to leave Barcelona. She makes large Attacks upon his Purſe, and RASAC is render'd very uneaſy.

C O N T E N T S.

uneasy. A new Acquaintance appears, who undertakes a surprising Eclaircissement. 84

C H A P. IV.

Miss VANDERLINE bred under her Aunt. Lord N—H and G—Y falls in love with her, and his odd Method of winning her. She proves with Child. Marries a WALLOON. Assumes the Name of MARISCHAL, and sets out for Spain with my Lord. Enamour'd of ARNAUD, and openly acknowledges it. A dangerous Rencontre. My Lord dies. She makes a Dupe of an old Judge. Her Story concluded. RASAC's Observations on it. BEAUVAL's Folly discovered. The Officer's generous Resolution. They arrive at Genoa. 93

C H A P. V.

The melancholy Story of young Count ANTONIO D'AUVERGNI, and SERAPHINA. 105

C H A P. VI.

The Story of the young Count D'AUVERGNI and SERAPHINA continu'd and ended. 118

C H A P.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.

Political Reflections on the State of Genoa. BEAUVAL sets out for Rome, takes a Liking to PULCHERIA, and meets Encouragement. They correspond, and he resolves to go off with her, but is prevented, and oblig'd to quit Rome for Fear of a Prosecution. Arrives at Naples, as does also Cardinal COSCIA. 127

CHAP. VIII.

Some Account of Cardinal COSCIA. His Conjunction with FINI. Their Influence over Pope BENEDICT XIII. A Quarrel between the Cardinals COSCIA and CAMERLINGUA about a Woman. The rigorous Proceedings against the former, who shelters himself in Naples. 142

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

BEAUVAL, and his Company, set out for Venice. He intrigues with a Banker's Wife. Remarks on the Government and Manners of the Venetians.

CONTENTS.

tians. They arrive at Constantinople. *A Character of the TURKS. Some Account of Constantinople. A Conference with Count BONNEVAL. Some Reflections on his Conduct in Life.* 147

CHAP. II.

A Character of Count BONNEVAL. An Account of his Birth, Family, and first Appearance in Life. He obtains a Regiment of Foot, which he loses. His Father's Death. The Advantage of his Intimacy with the Duke of ORLEANS. Intrigues with a Nun. The first Cause of his Disgust with the French Court. Goes to Rome, and enters the Imperial Service. 156

CHAP. III.

The Emperor promotes him. Prince EUGENE befriends him. His first Campaign in that Service. Quarter'd at Cosma. An ungenerous Piece of Revenge. Conspicuous in political as well as military Knowledge. Engag'd in a dangerous Amour. The Duke of ORLEANS' Friendship for him. He quarrels with Prince EUGENE. 166

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IV.

BONNEVAL order'd to Flanders. *A Character of the Governor. They quarrel. The Count order'd to Vienna, and seiz'd. Sent Prisoner to Spilburgh, and condemn'd to die. His Sentence chang'd to Exile. Arrives in Venice. Meets unexpected Assistance. Articles with the Turks. Marries a Venetian Lady. Reception at Constantinople, and professes himself a Mahometan.* 176

CHAP. V.

They arrive at Marseilles. The Adventures of ANNA COLIVA. 187

CHAP. VI.

The Occasion of the Duke of ORMOND's leaving England. Ill us'd by the Chevalier DE ST. GEORGE. Retires to Avignon, and has an Affair with the Marchioness DE ——. Her Avarice, Ambition, and Use of his Grace. BEAUVAL returns to Paris, and falls in Love with Madam DE FONVIELLE, which he communicates to RASAC. 196

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.

BEAUVAl's *Amour* with FONVIELLE continu'd.
The Arrival of the Marquis DE MIROL. 208

CHAP. VIII.

*A diverting Adventure. Old BEAUVAl arrives
at Paris. FONVIELLE's Account of herself.
Her Story concluded.* 217

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Count DU BEAUVAL.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Design of these Memoirs. The Author's Birth and Education; his Acquaintance and Folly with LA NOROUSE. Fights with St. GERMAIN, and sent into the Country. LA NOROUSE's Perfidy. He is committed to the Care of RASAC, falls in Love with ANGELICA, is rival'd, and involv'd anew, but reliev'd by RASAC.

A Remembrance of the many Troubles and Misfortunes, the Consequences of that Love, which has very much disturb'd Part of my Life, still sensibly impresses
B me,

me, though a solid Establishment has put an End to my Mistakes.

Should these Memoirs ever reach the public Attention, those who read, may draw from them Examples, that may become useful, in preventing the Multiplicity of Evils, that too often accompany a head-strong Passion.

I was born in the Province of *Limousine*, upon an Estate of my Father's, and as soon as I had attain'd my sixteenth Year, was sent to an Academy in *Paris*, where the Care of pleasing a young Milliner, who lived near *St. Sulpice*, engrossed much more of my Time, than my Studies. She hearken'd to my Addresses readily enough, and imagining I had made a vast Progress in her Heart, I one day vainly endeavour'd to accomplish my Wishes; but she resisting both my Prayers and Carresses, assur'd me, that without a Promise of Marriage, not the slightest Favour was to be expected. I complied with more Readiness and Pleasure, than if she had ask'd me six *Louis-dors*, rejoic'd in obtaining at so easy a Rate, as two or three Lines in Writing, a Blessing, for the Possession of which, I would otherwise

otherwise have freely given up six Years of the Pension allow'd to assist my Diversions.

For four or five succeeding Months I liv'd in perfect Tranquility, which was at length disturb'd by my jealousy of a young Academician, by Name St. GERMAIN, whose Familiarity with LA NOROUSE (so was my Mistress call'd) I had for sometime past perceiv'd; it was a Correspondence that gave me much Displeasure, and, at length, I spoke to her concerning it.

She answer'd, that having been strongly recommended to her Mother, he was look'd upon as one of the Family, and it was impossible to avoid shewing him some Friendship. This Reply, far from giving me Satisfaction, determin'd me to fight my Rival. The great Idea was no sooner conceiv'd, than I resolv'd to bring it into Action, with all the Solemnity of a Hero in Romance; and, first, I propos'd to him, with all the Delicacy to be found in the polite World, to desist from visiting LA NOROUSE.

“ And, wherefore, pray, Sir, (says he) shall I
“ avoid frequenting the House of a Woman,
“ whom I rank in the Number of my Friends ?”
“ Because, Sir, (reply’d I) I don’t like it.”
“ Really, Sir, (return’d he) I am vastly sorry for
“ it, but it happens that I do.” “ Nay, then,
“ Sir, (answer’d I, a little angrily) you shall
“ not go thither while I live; and I must try to
“ cut a Throat with you.”

“ With all my Heart (answer’d he) take
“ care of yourself, since I believe *yours* may be
“ in as much Danger as *mine*.” He was in
the right; we immediately exchange’d Thrusts;
he run me through the Arm, I wounded him in the
Thigh; and when I gave my Hand to assist in
raising him from the Earth, to a Level with
which the Hurt had reduc’d him, I told him,
“ Sir, this is not a Time to finish our Diffe-
“ rence, when you are cur’d we shall put an
“ End to it.”

Our Quarrel was too considerable to be con-
ceal’d from the Eyes of the Academy; the In-
tendant could not dispense with relating the Af-
fair to our respective Parents; and my Father,
who

who was then at *Paris*, having found Love was the Occasion of our Breach, and fearing the ill Effects that might follow from a Passion, so very violent in its first Sallies, resolv'd to remove me to the Country, and as soon as ever I was cur'd, commanded me to get myself ready to set out for home in two Hours. I answer'd him not, the Use of Speech forsook me, for the Injunction affected me like a Thunder-bolt.

My Journey was not long deferr'd. Not being able to get a Sight of my Mistress, before I set out, I wrote her a Letter, wherein I related the Accidents that had befallen me; nor was I long at *Limoufine*, before I was consol'd with an Answer, for I had furnish'd her with the Address of one of my Friends, so that it was scarcely possible to interrupt our Correspondence. She swore an inviolable Fidelity in spite of the longest Absence, and for three whole Months continu'd to speak this Language, after which she chang'd her Sentiments.

My Departure having left a clear Stage to St. GERMAIN, he made the best Use of his Time, soon occupy'd the Place I imagin'd I held in my Mistress's Affections; and the News of their

both quitting *Paris* clandestinely together, which was quickly convey'd to my Knowledge, gave me infinite Surprise, and my Father prodigious Satisfaction. He imagin'd me not so wean'd of this Amour as I seem'd to be, and that my Indifference was but Affectation; for my Part I was easily consol'd for her Perfidy, and the Hopes of soon returning to *Paris* prevented me from feeling it.

In a short Time I set out once more for that Capital. My Father, who design'd me to travel through *France*, and other Countries, for two or three Years, being willing that I should first finish my Exercises, sent along with me a Friend call'd RASAC, who, though but young, had all the Wisdom of a Man in Years. He had offer'd to accompany me in my Tour, and our Family was charm'd at my associating with a Gentleman so very accomplish'd.

Here, on my Arrival, by my Friend's Advice, I took proper Measures to avoid the Renewal of my Acquaintance with such People as had assisted in hurrying me into my former Follies. My Time was divided between my Mathematical, Dancing, and Musical Masters, and
in

in visiting the politeſt Company; my Correſpondence with the Female Sex was confin'd entirely to Women of Condition; the Exceſſes in which I had been lately involv'd were always before my Eyes, and my little Experience of the World made me believe, that Love was only dangerous among Girls of an inferior Rank; but, alas! e'er long I experienc'd the contrary.

The lovely ANGELICA was Niece to the Preſident DE LONGVILLE's Wife, with whom ſhe liv'd, at whoſe Houſe I often ſaw her in my Viſits. This beautiful Girl was not quite ſeventeen Years old, her Eyes were bright and ſparkling, the Roſe and Lilly were admirably blended in her Complexion, her Deportment was modeſt and engaging, and her whole Figure elegant; Charms, powerful as theſe, were irrefiſtable; I own'd the pleaſing Sway, and became her Captive; my Heart ſwore to her eternal Fidelity, while my baſhful Lips dar'd not to diſcloſe its Sentiments. For two long Months I obſerv'd the moſt reſpectful Silence, when I reſolv'd to take Courage, and alleviate my Evils, by imparting them to their dear, their amiable Cauſe.

Looks and Sighs were ineffectually us'd for this *Eclaircissement*, they were Terms of a Language which she seem'd not at all to understand ; at length I explained myself more clearly, and if I was not much flatter'd with Hopes, I had, nevertheless, no great Reason to be discourag'd. My Passion daily encreas'd, and I blush'd not now to vent my Complaints. How often have I exclaim'd ? Lovely ANGELICA, will you be always insensible ? Cannot such Warmth of Passion, such tender Affiduity as mine, affect you ? Her Reply was accompany'd with an Air of Pleasantry that froze my Expectations, and almost drove me to Despair. She affected to turn to Raillery my most serious Protestations, and I began to be persuaded, it would be impossible even ever to impress her, for she appear'd of a Temper too volatile to be fix'd.

All my Efforts were ineffectual, she was too polite to be brought easily to the Point ; if I pass'd two Days without seeing this lovely Creature, they appear'd to me two Centuries ; it was impossible long to support her Absence, I flew to the House wherein she dwelt, and left it more enamour'd than before.

My

My Uncertainty, my Pains, and my Grief, were suddenly augmented by my unexpectedly discovering ANGELICA was not Mistress of all the Indifference I had imagin'd. The Marquis of LANSAC having acquir'd the Art of settling her Inconstancy, I saw their Eyes often meet in significant Smiles, and they had generally something to say in private; this led me to a near Examination of their Conduct, and I no longer doubted but my Suspicions were well grounded. The Happiness of my Rival added to my Miseries, I no more reflected upon the Pleasures of Love, they were blotted from my Mind, and Rage triumph'd in their Place; I resolv'd to act, with Respect to this Rival, as I had done with the former, to deliver myself from the Anxieties which the Preference given to him by ANGELICA heap'd upon me, by receiving Death at *his* Hands, or, with *my own*, putting an End to his Life.

I was confirm'd in my Design, when my Friend RASAC, who began to be uneasy at my Situation, conceiv'd some Hint of my Project. He perceiv'd, very plainly, that my Behaviour to the Marquis was much more distantly po-

lite than usual. He knew as well as I the Marquis's Attachment to ANGELICA, and needed no more to confirm him in his Suspicion of what I intended. He tax'd me with it in the most friendly Manner, and as I lov'd him extremely, I ingenuously confess'd my Design.

“ How, (says he) can you be guilty of repeating such a Piece of Folly? I imagined that your first Adventure had given you sufficient Uneasiness, and, credit me, I grieve to find myself deceived. What Reason obliges you to quarrel with the Marquis? Has he been any Way remiss in his Behaviour to you? or at any Time entertained himself with Discourse to the Prejudice of your Reputation? On the contrary, do not his Civilities to you daily increase? He never misses an Occasion of praising you. Whence then arises your Enmity? From his having found the Secret of pleasing, and because he has the Art of appearing more amiable, you would revenge yourself upon him. If ANGELICA loves you not, don't attribute the Fault to *her*, but to your Stars; blame not the Marquis, who, when he became in Love, was ignorant of your Attachments to the Lady.

“ What

“ What can be the Advantage of fighting the
“ Marquis? You cannot ravish from him the
“ Heart of ANGELICA. Do you think that
“ you will make her the more sensible of your
“ Truth, by using ill the Man whom she
“ esteems? Consider, it is not only inconsistent
“ with good Sense, but with the Laws of Ho-
“ nour; it is no Excuse that you believe it no
“ Crime to retort Part of your Misfortunes
“ upon a Person whom you regard as your
“ Enemy; remember, that it is as shameful
“ for a Man of *true* Gallantry to be guilty of a
“ *mean* Action, as to avoid the Opportunity of
“ performing a *great* one.”

The Reasons of my Friend soon convinced me; so that the Government, which his Discretion and good Heart had acquired over me, reduced me, by Degrees, to pacific Sentiments. I look'd with Horror upon the Extravagance of my Proceeding, and, in spite of myself, resolv'd to avoid all Places where there was the least Possibility of meeting either ANGELICA, or the Marquis; fearing, from my Constitution, that such a Rencontre should throw me into my former Impetuosity. I propos'd to my Friend:

the passing some few Days in the Country, *there*, if possible, to waste the Time, until we should be ready to set out on our Travels ; to this he with Pleasure consented, and we pitch'd upon a Castle, three Leagues from *Paris*, belonging to one of our Friends who was a Counsellor in the Parliament, who could not accompany us himself as he at first intended, his private Affairs requiring his Presence in Town ; however, he promis'd to come down to us as often as he could possibly spare an Opportunity.

I imagin'd, that after being settled in our Retreat, every Day contributed more and more to dissipate the Anguish with which I had been so long oppress'd ; I recover'd gradually my natural Peace of Mind, and Reason re-assum'd her Sovereignty. The Admonitions of my Friend, and the fatal Catastrophes ensuing from *that* Passion, determin'd me to avoid Love ; I protested to him I would never more manacle my Liberty, and that I was too sensible of the Blessings of Indifference, to part with it again.

“ Promise nothing rashly (says RASAC) you
“ ought to fear *more* than many others, since
“ you

“ you are to guard, not only against the Delu-
“ sions of Love, but your constitutional Pro-
“ pensity to *that* Passion. Heaven has given
“ you a very tender Heart, a Present the most
“ unhappy it could bestow, unless you exert
“ yourself in avoiding those Errors wherein it
“ may involve you ; I speak from Experience.
“ I was born with a Constitution little differing
“ yours ; but the fatal Accidents which have
“ thence befallen me, have gradually cor-
“ rected it, and reduc’d me to my present State
“ of Tranquility.”

I shall endeavour (replied I) to imitate your Conduct, for which End I shall always keep in View my first Mistakes ; but inform me, I beseech you, what Events have contributed to your present Happiness ; they may furnish me with a new Train of Reflections.



CHAP. II.

RASAC's Education and Temper ; his first Prospects in Life ; becomes acquainted with Baron CUINAC, who flies with his Mistress to Brussels ; falls in Love with LUCINDA, and press'd to marry another Woman, against which he resolves at the Hazard of his Fortune.

IT is with Pleasure (says the Chevalier DE RASAC) I proceed to gratify your Curiosity, and though I have hitherto carefully conceal'd the Troubles of my Life, I shall discover them to you with Pleasure, hoping the Knowledge may prove serviceable. My Heart was as susceptible as yours of soft Impressions, and as I am six or seven Years older, I felt the Power of Love before you were capable of knowing it. My Father sent me as yet very young to *Paris*, where I was educated under the Care of a Relation who regarded me extremely, and destin'd me, from my Infancy, to be the Husband of one of his Nieces, a Child of my own Age. Our Families communicated their Intentions to us before Reason had establish'd



blished her maturer Sway ; we consented to their Desires without Repugnance, having as yet no Wisbes of our own, however, we soon learn'd to look on each other as Persons ordain'd to be link'd together for Life, and Love grew upon our Friendship. Our Happiness had been perfect, had not our Parents too long deferr'd the intended Marriage. My Uncle postpon'd it for ten Months, that he might put the finishing Hand to an Affair, of very great Importance, which it was requisite to close, e'er he could endow me with what he intended.

During the Time of this Delay, my lovely ISABELLA became acquainted with Baron DE CUINAC, who visited me often upon the footing of Friendship ; she seem'd to receive him with a good deal of Esteem, which gave me but little Uneasiness, as I believ'd her Attachment to me founded, on a Friendship, the tenderest, as well as the most sincere ; but alas ! I was ignorant that Love could eradicate all other Sentiments, and that it was a Passion whose Violence nothing could withstand.

ISABELLA made a sensible Impression on the Marquis, which he found impossible to resist ;
he

he took every Precaution to conceal it from *my* Knowledge, and to make *her* sensible of it; my perfidious Mistress listened to his Declaration, she esteemed my Rival in Proportion to his Love, and on the same Day, which gave Birth to their Union, was laid the Plan of my future Destruction.

Diffimulation was the Master-piece of these Lovers, convinced that their Parents would never countenance their Inclinations for each other, and not having the least Prospect of Hope from that Quarter, they resolv'd to fly *France*, and join their Hands in a foreign Country. My Rival was Master of a considerable Estate, and had no Father, consequently not at all embarrass'd by those Inconveniencies, which arise from the Want of Money, and perhaps nothing more facilitated the Execution of their Project, than that blind Friendship I entertained for him.

He often usher'd ISABELLA abroad in Company with a Counsellor of the Parliament's Wife, with whom he was extremely intimate, and who shar'd in the Secret of my Undoing; she seiz'd one of these Opportunities to deceive the Family, and one Evening, when we concluded her
at

at the Opera, she set out with her Lover post for *Brussels*. Her Parents were not much uneasy at her not returning upon the usual Hour, imagining she had gone Home to sup with the Lady, in whose Company she went abroad; however, when the Night was considerably advanced, they sent thither to know what was become of her; her female Friend answer'd, that, after the Opera, she had set her down at their own Gate, and *her* Astonishment, at hearing the Enquiry, was equal to *theirs* in missing her.

This Answer threw the whole Family into Despair, several ensuing Days were employ'd in searching *Paris* for her to no Purpose; at length, from her own Hand, they receiv'd Intelligence of her Fate in a Letter from *Valenciennes*, in which she acquainted them, that Baron DE CURNAC had been the Companion of her Flight, and had married her at *Brussels*. She entreated they would pardon the undutiful Abruptness of it, and forgive a Fault, to the Commission of which she had been led by *real* Love. There was no Remedy, my Rival was esteem'd a good Match; and the Family, happy in having recover'd her, was oblig'd to consent.

Poor

Poor I, the Tool of my Friend, and the Sport of my Mistress, fell a Prey to the most devouring Grief. My Uncle, who was equally sensible of the Injury I had receiv'd, resolv'd to make me Reparation by a still better Establishment; but the few Months, which had pass'd away, caus'd a very sensible Change in my Heart; the Image of ISABELLA had been, by little and little, effac'd by a young *Breton* of a good Family, but no Fortune, whom I often saw at an Assembly which I frequented. I did not hesitate in opening my Mind to her, and her Answer was such as kept me still in Suspence. It was a great while before she could persuade herself to give any Credit to my Addresses, and represented to me, that she was a Woman of Quality by her Birth, yet her little Inheritance, when compar'd with the Wealth of my Family, render'd the Conjunction very disproportionable, and ascertain'd the Opposition of all my Relations.

Time and my Attachment conquer'd every Difficulty; I, at length, won her to give me a favourable hearing, when she assured me of her Esteem, provided my Cares and Assiduity continued sincere.

The

The Hopes of a Return made me redouble my Carresses; LUCINDA, the fair *Breton*, engross'd all my Attention, and I determin'd, if my Parents oppos'd our Union, to follow the Example set me by ISABELLA and the Marquis.

Things were in this Situation when my Uncle informed me that he had found a Match for me, which would prove of considerable Advantage. This News spread a visible Confusion over my whole Visage, which, if it escap'd his Penetration, it was because, that, being entirely ignorant of the Disposition of my Heart, he could not have the least Room for Suspicion, nor was it my Business to let him into the Secret.

I contented myself with intreating he would not as yet think of burthening me with a Family; I represented that I was too young, wanted both Experience and Conduct, did not find in myself the least Inclination to settle, and that the Infidelity of ISABELLA had given me a Dis taste to the Sex.

But

But the Girl I have to propose to you (says he) is sufficient to shelter you, tho' you had given Occasion to the severest Censure; she is handsome, young, and rich, and I expect all your wise Reasons shall cede to my Will; I command it, Sir, and I expect you to comply, if you do not chuse to forfeit my Favour, together with a very considerable Fortune. I have already answer'd to the Family for your Compliance. Matters are so far advanc'd, that you cannot be off of taking her Hand; should you dare to refuse it, you will disoblige me beyond Redress, and I shall ever after hold you unworthy both of my Friendship and Inheritance. I allow you eight Days to consider, at the End of which Time I expect a positive Answer; I would advise you to reflect seriously on the Consequences of your Determination, and let not the foolish Capriciousness of Youth plunge you into inextricable Misfortunes.

This Conversation sunk deeply in my Mind, and fill'd me with the most mortifying Grief; I was but too well acquainted with the Hastiness of my Uncle's Temper, to doubt of his keeping his Word; and his natural Haughtiness, and
rough

rough Obstinance, left not the least Room to hope that he was to be mollify'd. There is a Sort of People, whom it is impossible to dissuade from a Thing, and he was one of them.

Judge how great was my Perplexity ! doom'd to lose the Mistress of my Affections, and espouse a Woman for whom I had not the smallest Esteem, or quit all Pretensions to an Estate of above four hundred thousand Livres value ; yet Love was near being stronger than the God of Wealth. I sought for my Mistress, to whom I laid bare my Heart, and unfolded the precarious Situation of my Affairs, swore Constancy to her a thousand Times over, and assur'd her the most affecting Poverty did not carry with it half the Terrors of the Fear of losing her.

This Generosity touch'd her in a most sensible Manner. She reply'd, it were unjust to repay so much Affection with Ingratitude. " Dear RASAC (said she) I have lov'd you " a long while, and far from being that indif- " ferent Creature you imagin'd, I have impa- " tiently waited an Opportunity of your giv- " ing some essential Mark of your Esteem, that " I

“ I might then have Room to make this Con-
 “ fession: the happy, the wish’d for Time is,
 “ at length, arriv’d, you have given one not to
 “ be exceeded, and if you continue in the same
 “ Disposition, depend on the most tender Re-
 “ quital in the Power of Woman to bestow.”

These Words from the Woman I ador’d,
 fill’d me with unspeakable Satisfaction. I pro-
 tested, that not the Empire of the Universe was
 capable of altering the Sentiments of my Heart,
 that my Uncle might execute his Menaces
 when he pleas’d, they would never give me
 the smallest Affliction, provided she continu’d
 faithful.

“ Your Uncle (answer’d she) will never
 “ realize his Threats; continue firm; if you
 “ love truly, you will in Time be happy both
 “ in your Mistress and your Fortune. Pa-
 “ rents are easily subdu’d, their Hearts are not
 “ Marble, nor their Anger above being molli-
 “ fy’d, when a Child is the Object which calls
 “ for their Clemency. I am persuaded of the
 “ Truth of my Assertion.” “ Yes (return’d
 I eagerly) “ it must, it shall be so; my Uncle
 “ will forget his Anger at the Sight of my
 “ charming

“ charming LUCINDA, she shall charm his
“ obdurate Heart to softness, he must be more
“ than human who resists those Eyes, he will
“ not, no ! he cannot ; yet I cannot be hap-
“ pier than at this Minute in obtaining your
“ Consent to adore you.”



CHAP.

CHAP. III.

RASAC disoblige his Uncle entirely, and quits his House. LUCINDA's Advice to him, in Consequence thereof, practis'd ineffectually. She entertains another Lover, and RASAC abandons her. His Affairs take an unexpected Turn. He revenges her Infidelity fully upon his Mistress, and disconcerts all her Designs. The Arrival of the Counsellor.

WHEN the eight Days were expired, my Uncle desir'd to know my Determination, and I answer'd as I had done at first. He had not Patience to hear me out. "What then! (exclaim'd he) you are determin'd not to obey me; then, Sir, you must quit my House this very Day, and return to your Father, to whom I shall write, for one of your Brothers, on whom I shall confer all the Favours I intended for you." "You may act as you please, Sir, (said I calmly) tho' you may deprive me of worldly Inheritance, the Mark of external Happiness, I still have the
" Pleasure

“Pleasure of thinking you cannot force my
“Inclinations. These are my own, and inde-
“pendent of your Authority.”

There needed not so much to set his Anger in a Flame; he carry'd it to the highest Pitch, and, in the Heat of his Rage, loaded me with his Curse. I left him in this Temper, having order'd my Things to a ready-furnish'd Lodging, and went to give an Account of what had pass'd to my Mistress; she receiv'd it with unexpected Surprise. “This is not right (ob-
“serv'd she) you must endeavour to regain the
“Esteem of the old Gentleman; you are but a
“Cadet, and your Father cannot give you a
“Sufficiency, to support you genteely in a mar-
“ried State. Let me advise you to return to
“your Uncle, and try what you can do to re-
“establiſh yourself in his Friendship.”

I promis'd, and indeed attempted it to no Purpose, he still answer'd, that he would be obey'd, or I must forget he was my Uncle. I was obstinate in my Refusal, and irritated him so extremely, that he made a Gift of the Reversion of his whole Fortune to my elder Brother, beyond a Possibility of Recall.

C

I carry'd

I carry'd this heavy News to my Mistress, who receiv'd it in a Manner that plainly presag'd my sequent Misfortunes. She grew thoughtful, and seem'd troubled, while an Air of Sadness diffus'd itself over her Countenance, which affected me deeply ; her Melancholy augmented daily, and Uneasinesses appear'd still more and more, the Cause of which I could not then divine, though the Sequel taught it me fully.

A Conviction of her Perfidy compleated my Misfortunes, and it manifested itself in the Discovery of a Rival whom *she* harbour'd and encourag'd, to whose Promises of Fidelity I had sacrific'd my Hopes of Prosperity.

While I was in this melancholy Situation, my Uncle was carry'd off suddenly by an apoplectic Fit. Though he had treated me so very harshly, I flew to his House on the first News of his Illness. All Endeavours to recover him were ineffectual, he was at the Point of Death when I enter'd the Room, and he breath'd his last in my Arms, as I strove to assist him. My evil Fortune did not stop here, it was crown'd with
the

the Infidelity of LUCINDA, who lavish'd her Tenderness, and squander'd those Caresses which she had sworn to give to none but me, upon the Son of a rich Farmer-General, whose only Merit consisted in his being Heir to the large Possessions of his Father.

My Indignation at her Conduct cur'd me of my Love, and I conceiv'd for her the most sovereign Contempt. The only Consolation I had remaining, was in being determin'd to let her know what was my Opinion of her. When Heaven brought about a very signal Change in my Affairs, and put in my Power to avenge me fully of her Infidelity ; my elder Brother dy'd in the Country of the Measles, and left me not only Heir to the Possessions of my Uncle, but also to those of my Father.

This Intelligence soon reach'd the Ears of the jilting LUCINDA, who therefore resolv'd at any Rate to renew her Correspondence with me, and not knowing how intirely she was blotted from my Heart, she imagin'd it would not be difficult to resume her Seat therein, with all that Profusion of Power she had formerly exerted.

She began with playing off her former Enticements; her Eyes were watchful of the Motions of mine; her Language and her Behaviour were plain Endeavours to convince me of a real Affection. Piqu'd with the Trick she had already play'd me, I determin'd to pay her in her own Coin, and, for that Purpose, pretended to swallow the Bait she had hung out for me; I complain'd of the Indifference with which she had treated me, when oppress'd with Misfortunes, of which she had been the sole Cause. She justify'd herself but very lamely, yet weak as her Reasons were, I affected to be persuaded by them, and desir'd she would confirm them by breaking off with my Rival, in such a Manner as should suffice to assure me she would never enter into Connection with him again.

It was with Ease she consented to banish him from her Presence for ever, and insisted upon dismissing him without any Explication; but I remain'd firm in demanding the contrary, and added, that I would be shut up at the Time in some Corner whence I might hear their whole Conversation; a Satisfaction which, after some feint Refusal, she consented to give me.

I was

I was at the appointed Time plac'd in a Closet within the Room, whence I could conveniently hear every Thing that was said. She told my Rival on his Entry, she had sent for him to desire he would give himself no farther Trouble about her. The Lover, a little surpris'd at this abrupt Address, desir'd to know the Reason of her Caprice.

“ I have but a short one to give you at present (said she) and that is you don't please me ; besides, as I sacrific'd the Chevalier DE RASAC to you, I now sacrifice you to him.” The young Farmer-General, piqu'd at the Compliment, bluntly reply'd, “ Well, Madam, since it is so, I must comfort myself as well as I can ; but be so kind as to return the Promise of Marriage, and the Deeds you oblig'd me to give you.” This Request threw the Lady into some sort of Confusion. She reply'd, however, that she had torn and lost them, as never intending to make use of them. “ Excuses of this sort (said he) won't serve my Turn, I won't quit this Room till you return me my Papers.”

Matters being now come to the Height I had desir'd, I flung open the Closet-door, and appear'd in the Chamber to the Confusion of one, and Astonishment of the other. " Sir, (said I) " addressing myself to my Rival, you need not " take your Papers out of the Lady's Hands, " nobody can make better use of them ; and to " you, Sir, I give up all Right and Title to " her." With these Words I left them together without hearing them reply.

This Revenge was but just ; she caus'd me to forfeit a very noble Inheritance, and had I not had a Heart better than her own, I had let her part with the Writings demanded by her rich Lover. Soon after this I set out for the Country, whither I was summon'd by my private Affairs, and never saw either of them again. Indeed I was inform'd she had cited him before the Parliament, who condemn'd him, either to marry her immediately, or to pay the Forfeit, to which he was bound in Case of Refusal ; the latter he judiciously chose.

The Impudence of LUCINDA open'd my Eyes upon the Deceit of Women, and I examin'd

min'd into their Nature so very seriously, that I have been always since Proof against their Snares.

The Remembrance of my Misfortunes dwells strongly in my Mind, and serves as a Check upon the Vigour of my Constitution. Let *your* past Follies have the same Effect upon *you*, thus you will be prevented from falling into new ones.

We are now going upon a Tour for two or three Years, look back on the Inconveniencies into which you have heretofore been plung'd by the Passion of Love, and you will learn to avoid it in *strange* Countries.

I promis'd to accommodate myself to his Advice as much as possible, assuring him, that I should take, in the kindest Manner, his laying aside all Reserve, and talking to me without Restraint, convinc'd that it was impossible for him to speak without giving me Pleasure, though he might seem to deprive me of it, by attempting to curb my Inclinations. The Time when we were to set out on our Journey being near at Hand, we were preparing to return to *Paris*, when we were agreeably surpris'd with the Ar-

rival of the Gentleman in whose House we were, when we least expected him. He wore an Air of Dejection and Melancholy that gave us some Uneasiness, and judging that something very grievous must have caus'd it, we were tempted to enquire.

“ I come (says he) from being Witness to
“ an Accident, as mournful as any which has
“ happen'd in my Memory; from seeing one
“ of my best Friends, a Woman who knew
“ really what it was to be a Friend, fall a Vic-
“ tim to the blackest Treason. Mademoiselle
“ LE COUVREUR is dead, she was inhumanly
“ poison'd. Yes, my Friends, that charming
“ Woman is no more, and she expir'd in these
“ Arms. Neither my Sighs, nor the Public
“ Regret, could protect her from the Arm of
“ Death, guided by the Perfidiousness of her
“ Foes, who, in shewing themselves such to
“ her, prov'd themselves Foes to Merit and
“ Goodness; it has levell'd her with the
“ Dust.”

This News gave RASAC, and me, much Surprise; we both knew the Counsellor's Attachment to this admirable Lady; and when acquainted

acquainted with the Cause of his Concern, durst not enquire into the Particulars of her Death, lest the Repetition should augment his Grief.

Two or three ensuing Days were engross'd by Endeavours to console him, without offering to hint at the Gratification of our Curiosity, which, at length, triumph'd, and we ventur'd to ask the Process of his Death. "Nobody" (answer'd he) can inform you better, I know "every Particular of her Life and Death; of "the one I learn'd from herself, of the other "from People who had been acquainted with "her from her Childhood."

We express'd many Obligations for this Favour, while he proceeded thus to satisfy our Request.



CHAP. IV.

LE COUVREUR's Birth, Family, and Character. Her Introduction on the Stage, and Amour with an Officer, with its melancholy Termination. Her Behaviour afterwards, and Affair with young GLINGLIN. Their Separation, and her Appearance for the first Time on the Paris Stage, under the Care of BARON. Her Attachment to Marshal SAXE. His setting out for COURLAND, and a Proof of her Love and Gallantry in forwarding that Expedition.

ADRIANA LE COUVREUR was born in Brittany, upon the Estate of Count DAMBERVAL, who was an Officer in the Guards. Her Family was extremely poor, and when she grew up, her Father, who was cover'd in Misery, imagining his Daughter had some theatrical Talents, made Interest for her Admission into a Company of Players, who by Chance pass'd through the Village. The Sweetness of her Air, and the Modesty of her Address, pleas'd the whole Company; they receiv'd her with a great deal of Pleasure, allowing the Father, who

who did not care to abandon the Fortune of his Daughter, some little Employment amongst them.

ADRIANA soon adapted herself to the Stage, and it was not long before she gave Presages of her wonderful Talents, for which she has since been so justly admir'd. She perform'd in several different Places before her coming to *Straßburg*, where the Company settled. She liv'd here for sometime without tasting either the Pleasures, or Anxieties of Love; but as she ripen'd, 'twas not to be expected she should escape it, in a Life expos'd to so many Temptations, where her Perfections were display'd to such infinite Advantages, for she had no Right to an Exemption from the general Law of Nature.

A young Officer of the Regiment of *Picardy*, who was amiable and well made, was the first who disturb'd her Tranquility. Love had mutually inspir'd them, and the Officer soon finding out the Inclinations of COUVREUR, touch'd her upon the Subject; she was not displeas'd at the Discovery of his Passion, and a sympathetic Likeness engag'd their Hearts.

LE COUVREUR differ'd greatly from the rest of her Sex ; she was incapable of that Fickleness generally charg'd to it, and inherited Candor and Sincerity from Nature. The Officer was a Man of Honour in Love, a Virtue very rare among military Gentlemen ; so that it is not to be imagin'd the Poison of Jealousy, or Fear of Change, disturb'd their Happiness. If LE COUVREUR was lavish of Carresses upon her Lover, he was not wanting in making suitable Returns. They saw one another daily without Constraint, and their Happiness continually encreas'd, till Fate, jealous of such perfect Felicity, took the Officer out of the World.

Her Despair was excessive as her Love had been great ; she seem'd determin'd to follow him to the Grave, and her Grief reduc'd her very near it ; however, in Time, she recover'd her Health, but could not divest herself of that melancholy Air with which this Accident had envelop'd her. She had no relish for any Pleasure of Life, the Remembrance of her Lover was always present to her Mind ; though dead
she

she seem'd to converse with him, avoiding every Thing which might divert her Sadness.

Love could no longer bear to see so much Beauty in Affliction, and resolv'd to cure her by giving her a fresh Gallant. The young Count DE GLINGLIN, Son to the Royal Pretor of *Straßburg*, had a long Time admir'd her; he was a young Gentleman of genteel Appearance, though not quite so handsome as the Captain; she had often fallen in his Way, but the Gloominess which surrounded her had prevented his Addresses.

However, as Time cures all Disorders, he imagin'd, that COUVREUR's Grief would not last always, therefore one day ventur'd boldly to communicate his Passion to her, which she receiv'd in a much genteeler Manner than he had expected. Charm'd at the Success of his first Essay, he redoubled his Assiduity and Care, and though at first she appear'd indifferent to his Addresses, she, at length, became sensible of his Constancy, of which she could not avoid shewing some signs. He, by little and little, gain'd Ground upon the Remembrance of the
Officer,

Officer, and, at last, found out the Means of making himself as well belov'd.

LE COUVREUR, though she really esteem'd her new Lover, was cautious how she proceeded; she aim'd at a certain Establishment in Life, having nothing of the Libertine in her Disposition, though she was naturally amorous. With a View to this she admitted the Addressee of Count GLINGLIN, who swore to give her his Hand as soon as ever he was his own Master, and convinc'd her, that it was not the Disparity of Birth which should prevent their Union. From henceforward she was incapable of Deceit, gave herself up entirely to his Direction, and at the End of ten Months was deliver'd of a fine Girl, the Effect of their mutual Promises.

Some Years roll'd on without producing any remarkable Change in the Fortune of these Lovers. When GLINGLIN's Family oblig'd him to marry, his Perfidy fill'd the Heart of his Mistress with almost absolute Despair; she could not bear to see herself so unworthily sacrific'd, and live within the View of her Betrayer. It was this which brought her to the *Parisian* Stage,

Stage, where she was receiv'd with prodigious Applauses. On her first Appearance on the Theatre, she had two illustrious Rivals to contend with, LA DUCLOUS and LA DES-MARCS; but BARON took great Pleasure in perfecting so excellent a Subject as LE COUVREUR; she was in the Beginning put upon an equal Footing with them, nor was it long before she excell'd them; her Merit, and her Talents, soon gain'd her a Crowd of Admirers.

It was the Fortune of but one singled from the Number to please her, this was the celebrated Count SAXE, the illegitimate Son of a very great Monarch, neither unworthy of the Glory, or Name, of his Royal Father. *Mars*, and the God of Love, smil'd at his Nativity, and united in his Composition; he was handsome as one, and valiant as the other. He lov'd not LE COUVREUR as a transitory Mistress, he was attach'd to her very sincerely, and as much a Lover of her Candour, and her Probity, as an Admirer of her Wit and Beauty.

For her Part, neither the Glare of his Grandeur, nor the Extent of his Riches, commanded her Attention; she separated the Ideas of a Man
of

of Honour, and the Son of a King ; for the first she had the strictest Regard, and for the latter a proper Respect. From among a thousand Pleasures, which a sincere Union of these two Hearts administer'd, Glory snatch'd the Soldier, whom active Solitude and busy Care influenc'd more strongly than the most inviolable Affection. A Crown wav'd in the North for his Acceptance, to which he had no other Pretensions than what he deriv'd from his Character of Courage and Prudence.

Though a thousand Dangers were to be waded through for this great Acquisition, his Intrepidity conquer'd them all ; he snatch'd himself from the Arms of his Mistress, who, like NIOBE, was *all Tears*, and follow'd the Call of Fame.

LE COUVREUR rightly judging that Money would be necessary to her Lover in so tedious a Journey, pledged all her Jewels, and rais'd what Sums were in her Power, amounting to upwards of forty thousand Livres, which she lent him.

He

He made no Difficulty in accepting this generous Assistance of his Mistress, as it was a fresh Conviction of the Goodness of her Heart. The Count set out for *Courland*, leaving his dear LE COUVREUR full of Care and Inquietude; she was eternally apprehensive of the Dangers which surrounded the Man she so sincerely esteem'd. She trembled for his Life, but much more for his Liberty; but alas! though she was convinc'd of his Sincerity, and his Constancy, she could not sometimes avoid admitting a Doubt of his Fidelity, for her Heart was too tender to repel the Attacks of Jealousy.



CHAP. V.

*Count SAXE returns from Courland, and LE COUVREUR receives pleasing News from GLINGLIN. The Count intrigues with the Dutcheſs B*****, whom LE COUVREUR publickly affronts. An odd Adventure of Abbe *****. His Proceeding afterwards. LE COUVREUR ſuddenly taken ill. The Manner of her Death. A Diſpute about her Interment, in which the Priest gets the better ; reaſons againſt his Conduct.*

IN this Situation ſhe receiv'd News which gave her much Comfort. The Count of GLINGLIN had been very careful of educating her Daughter, and married her to a Man of Quality in Germany who was extremely rich, ſhe having attain'd her fifteenth Year.

This Man, who ow'd Part of his Fortune to the Count, overlook'd all Formalities of Birth for the Sake of 26000 Livres he had receiv'd in
Dowry

Dowry with her; convinc'd of the Happiness of her Daughter, she presented her with a very valuable Diamond, notwithstanding the Difficulties in which she was involv'd by Count SAXE; but this agreeable Circumstance was clouded by the Affairs of the North. Matters took a very ill Turn in *Courland*, where, in spite of all his Gallantry and Precaution, the Count's Enemies prevail'd; and after having undergone a thousand Fears on his Account, she receiv'd Information that he was returning to *France*, having been forc'd to relinquish his ambitious Pretensions. The Pleasure she expected from an Interview, by far out-ballanc'd the Satisfaction she would have reap'd from his Success, should it have protracted his Absence.

He return'd to *Paris* as much enamour'd as he had left it. Neither War, nor Absence, could change his Affection, and his Hazards and Disappointments were buried in the Arms of Love and Sincerity; a violent Storm succeeded the Calm of Happiness and Tranquility, which, for sometime after, gave additional Wings to every Day of LE COUVREUR's Life.

The

The Count enter'd into an Intrigue with the Dutchess of B****, and though she was sensible that he lov'd her very sincerely, she could not bear the Enjoyment of a simple Share in his Heart; she complain'd of his Indifference, and he vainly endeavour'd to convince her that her Suspicions were without Foundation, Contempt for a Rival joining her Jealousy, she could not contain herself from insulting her, and openly avenging herself in the Eyes of the Public.

The Dutchess of B**** being in one of the Stage-Boxes when LE COUVREUR play'd the Part of PHÆDRA, it was very impatiently she sustain'd the Presence of her Rival, and finding a few Lines in the Part which she perform'd, which she imagin'd might be well adapted to her Grace, turn'd herself about, and looking stedfastly at her, repeated these Words of PHÆDRA.

*Nor could CENONE when oppress'd with Crimes,
Boast the rich Treasure of a Mind at Ease,
Like some lost Women, or forget to blush.*

This

This was sufficiently the Character of her Rival; nor did the Public, who saw the Intention, discourage the Reproof.

The Dutches, who was LE COUVREUR's violent Enemy ever after, was determined, by this Injury, to accelerate her long meditated Revenge against her. She would willingly have engrossed the Count to herself, but she knew the Charms of her Rival, to which the Count was more strongly attach'd, were far more attractive. In order that she might perpetrate her Crime without Suspicion, she let some Time pass without manifesting the least Uneasiness; and when she imagined she could revenge herself in Safety, took such Precautions in directing the intended Blow, as rendered it impossible to be avoided, while it was not to be equal'd.

LE COUVREUR kept the best of Company; her House was the Rendezvous not only of the principal Actors, but also of all People of Fashion and of Genius. One Night three Men mask'd, stopp'd the Abbe P***** in his return from thence, and clapp'd a Pistol to his Throat; who

who concluding them Robbers, presented his Purse, and entreated them to spare his Life. One of them replied, it is not your Money we seek, we have Business for you to do, which you must not refuse; you will find some Sweetmeats, lying upon the Foot of the Pedestal which supports the Statue of ÆNEAS in the *Tuilleries*, to-morrow; you must take them thence, and present them to LE COUVREUR; they are poison'd, this we tell you for your own Safety; if you fail in doing it, remember that we know you, and nothing less than your Life shall answer the Neglect; once more let us repeat it to you, that if you are guilty of the Omission, it will be impossible for you to escape us, so take care of yourself. At these Words they left the poor *Abbe* frightened out of his Wits, and the Blood chill'd in his Veins.

He knew not how to conduct himself in this Dilemma; he was, on the one hand, incapable of the Crime which they exacted, and, on the other, he fear'd to be assassinated. He communicated the Pain, which he sustain'd, together with his fearful Situation, to the Lieutenant of the *Police*, who endeavour'd to secure him against his Fears, and ordered him so far to fulfill the
Injunction,

Injunction, as to take the Sweetmeats; when he promis'd to have some of his People ready upon the Spot, not only to take him into Custody, but also every Person who should be near him, and by this Means, perhaps, seize some who were to be Spies upon his Proceeding.

At the Hour appointed, which was One o'Clock next Day, the *Abbe* went to the Garden; he found every Thing as he expected --- the Sweetmeats were laid in the appointed Place, and he no sooner was in Possession of them, but he, and almost every Person within Sight of the Statue, were taken into Custody, and conducted before the Magistrate, who gain'd thereby not the least Insight into the Affair, all the People who were seiz'd, proving to be honest Citizens, who could not be suspected for Accomplices.

This Adventure was nois'd all over *Paris*. In an Hour after, the unfortunate Lady was seiz'd with an unheard of kind of Cholic; she felt a devouring Fire prey upon her Entrails, and the Physicians declar'd that she was poison'd. The Moment this News reach'd the Ears of Count SAXE, he flew to her Assistance, nor at the

the piteous Sight could he contain his Tears, nor suppress his Despair.

“ I die contented, (said she) convinced of
“ your sincere Esteem ; and Death is welcome,
“ since I expire in your Arms.” “ Live ! live !
“ my Angel, (cry’d the illustrious Lover) or let
“ me accompany you to the Grave.” “ Dear
“ Count, (says she) your Request is extrava-
“ gant, it is vain, I already feel the icy Hand
“ of Death ; nor is my Preservation within the
“ Power of Art, nor your more prevailing En-
“ dearments.

“ I feel the Poison cold at my Heart ; and my
“ Soul already at my Lips, would not delay thus
“ long, were it not to enjoy your dear Pre-
“ sence ;” to the last Moment she preserv’d the
most perfect Tranquility, seem’d entirely resign’d
to the Will of Providence, and expir’d with-
out the least Complaint at the Rigour of her
Fate.

The News of her Illness call’d together a
Number of her Friends, who were fill’d at her
Death with unspeakable Grief ; for my Part,
as I assisted her in her last Moments, my Con-
cern

cern was inexpressible, and I was for a while depriv'd of every Sense. The Situation of the Count was indeed pitiable, and a Picture which cannot be represented; it was with Difficulty he was forc'd from the Side of her Remains, and carried to his own House.

As it was not imagin'd the Poison could be so sudden in its Effect, the Curate of St. *Sulpice* had not been advertis'd of her Illness, till the Ministry of his Functions was too late, who vex'd and scandaliz'd by this Forgetfulness, protested she should not be interr'd in consecrated Ground. I was so troubled, that at first I paid little Attention to this Declaration, but it being one of the first Things I heard, on recovering from my Reverie, I was no longer Master of my Resentment.--- How, Sir, (cryed I) do you deny funeral Honours to a Person, who has been the Object of universal Admiration? Of what Crime has she been guilty? She was an Actress. Was it not the Profession of *MOLIERE*, whose Death was altogether as sudden, and have you not allow'd him proper Interment? How shall one interpret an Irregularity that dishonours Persons, who are an Honour to the Nation.

✓ All *Paris* shall complain of this Cruelty ; we will be no longer Dupes to this misplac'd Zeal of the Clergy. What Right have you to refuse Christian Burial to Actors, when the Pope himself allows it, even in *Rome*, where they are never refus'd the Sacraments. Is the Catholic Religion different here from what it is in *Italy*. Perhaps the Pope and the Cardinals are not Catholics, --- or, perhaps, they don't understand the Misteries of Religion as well as you.

All our Reasoning was ineffectual, the opinated Priest was not to be mollified, and we were obliged to bury this illustrious Woman in a Piece of Ground, belonging to the Count DE MAUREPAS. Happy should I be, were it allow'd me to erect a Pyramid to her Memory, which shou'd perpetuate to Posterity the Esteem I have for her.

Here the Counsellor finish'd his Narration ; and tho' we knew very little of COUVREUR, we cou'd not but sympathize in his well-founded Concern ; it had a sensible Effect upon Chevalier RASAC ; her deplorable End furnish'd him with a new Train of Reflections ; in Consequence of which,

which, he again repeated his Admonitions, that I should secure my Heart against the Attacks of Love.

I promised to subject myself entirely to his Guidance, and after having staid some few Days with the Counsellor, to console him for the Loss of his female Friend; we return'd to *Paris* to finish our Affairs. Our Desire of beginning the intended Tour, made us hasten more than we should otherwise have done, and in a Week's Time we were entirely prepar'd for it.



CHAP. VI.

The Author and RASAC set out for Spain; commence an Acquaintance with the Dutcheſs of ST. BLASS and MARIA D'ALINCASTRA. A new Love-adventure, and Marriage intended. The Marquis DE MONTORIO appears. An unexpected Change in Affairs. A Country Journey. The Dutcheſs manifests great Friendſhip for BEAUVAL, and the Match is entirely broke off.

WE ſet out Poſt for *Spain*, being reſolv'd to make *Madrid* the firſt Scene of our Review. On our Arrival in this Capital, we deliver'd the Letters of Recommendation we had brought with us from *Paris*; one of which was directed to the Dutcheſs of ST. BLASS, whoſe Houſe was reſorted by the moſt fashionable People; where I generally choſe to ſpend my Evenings, preferably to that of any other Perſon, which I might have commanded. Here I became acquainted with MARIA D'ALINCASTRA, a young
Spaniſh

Spanish Lady of some Quality, but very moderate Fortune.

I felt the Power of her large black Eyes, the first Moment I beheld her, and trembled at the thought of being compell'd to transgress the solemn Promise I had made my Friend. I found the lovely Impression of this Lady every Day more deeply engraved on my Heart, and determined to surrender to the sacred Power, because I could no longer resist. I took such Precautions as made it impossible for RASAC to discover my Flexibility. When he was present, I affected an Insensibility at the Sight of MARIA, and gave myself but little Uneasiness about him, since he did not seem to examine my Conduct with a suspicious Eye.

Constraint grew insupportable, as my Passion encreased, Concealment of which I could no longer endure, but discovered it to my Mistress, who received the Declaration in a very favourable Manner, and encouraged me to continue my Address. I now flung off all Constraint, my Attachment was publicly perceiv'd, and as I was known to be a *French* Gentleman, whose Father was extremely rich, the Family

ly of D'ALINCASTRA were not displeased at my Pretensions.

My Friend foresaw the Errors into which I was plunging, and if he then desisted, it was, lest he should encrease my Anxiety; besides, he was sensible my Heart was too far engag'd, to digest it; if he disssembled, it was to ensure my Confidence, so that the first favourable Opportunity, he might be enabled to open my Eyes upon my Manner of Proceeding.

My Mistress several times told me, that if I esteem'd her with that Sincerity to which I pretended, she was ready to grant my Desires, on Condition of Marriage; that I was in a Country where the Consent of my Family was not at all necessary; and that her Interest at Court (thro' the Means of her Sister, who was near the Person of the Queen) was sufficient to procure Approbation of our Measures in *France*. I submitted to her Persuasion, and resolved to espouse her as soon as possible.

Big with my Project, I communicated it to RASAC, who, tho' alarm'd at my Design, was satisfied that nothing but Stratagem would prevent

vent it; he saw what I intended to say, before I opened my Lips, and after some slight Opposition, apparently consented to every Thing I propos'd.

Charm'd with the Goodness of my Friend, I flew to MARIA with the News, to hasten the Conclusion; nor were her Parents dissatisfied at my Haste, so that the Nuptials were appointed in fifteen Days.

Mean Time the Chevalier omitted nothing that might tend to the overthrowing my Project, without giving me the smallest Room to think of his being so engag'd.

I had made some Acquaintance here with the Marquis de MONTORIO, a *Piedmontese* Nobleman, whom Curiosity had brought, as well as myself, to *Spain*; we engaged to travel into *Italy* together, but after my Amour, I no longer had any Notion of quitting *Madrid*; my Friend chose him to assist in forwarding his Designs upon me; he was satisfied that the Dutchess DE SAINT BLASS had no great Kindness for MARIA D'ALINCASTRA, consequently would gladly contribute to her Disappointment.

Having secur'd the Confidence of these two People, he entreated me to spend some few Days at a Seat of the Dutchess's; as the Invitation was presented on the Part of her Grace, it was impossible I could refuse accepting it, tho' I felt infinite Pain at being carried so far from the Presence of my Charmer.

RASAC, the Marquiss of MONTORIO, the Dutchess, and myself, were the Company; the first Day I began to harbour some Suspicion of the Cause of our Retreat, but the second left me no Room to doubt. The Chevalier, his Eyes swimming with Tears, intreated me not to lose myself intirely to the World; he represented what a mortal Stroke I was going to give my Family, how infinitely I must grieve one of the best of Fathers, whom I had already sufficiently perplex'd; as would plainly appear from a Retrospect of my former Misconduct.

I was insensible to all that he said, and perceiving how very little he gain'd upon me, he solemnly swore, that the Day which saw me wed MARIAD'ALINCASTRA, should seclude him for ever from the World; that he resolv'd to shut himself up in a Convent, since he could not think



think of appearing before my Father, who would not fail constantly to reproach him with my Imprudence; surely, (says he) taking me tenderly by the Arm, you cannot have forgot your Friendship for me, your Duty to your Father, and the Honour due to your Family; are all these blotted from your Mind? Think, think, my dear Count, into what a Gulph of Misfortune you are precipitating by the Blindness of a misplac'd Passion; let Reason stop your Career, and teach you to avoid the Evils hanging over your Head.

Here the Dutches and the Marquis, as had been previously concerted, enter'd the Room, and join'd in supporting his Arguments, with such Success, that I promised to think no more of returning to *Madrid*, and set out the next Day for *Catalonia*; the Marquis de MONTORIO who undertook to settle our Affairs in Town, set out for that Purpose and returned back the same Day.

“ Take it not amiss, dear BEAUV'AL, (said
“ the Dutches, when we were by ourselves)
“ that I ask'd you what you could hope from
“ an Alliance with MARIA; she had no For-
D 5 “ tune.

“ tune, and you may be certain that your Father
“ would, in Consequence of such Proceeding,
“ have left you as poor as herself ; what must
“ become of you ? Believe me, that Love will
“ soon give Ground without Support, and leave
“ you only to ruminate on your having run
“ yourself into Misfortunes.

I answered her, that I should have solicited
an Employ in the *Spanish* Service, which, thro’
the Means of my Mistress’s Sister, I should
have easily obtain’d. “ How little do you
“ know, (replied she) the Strefs that ought to be
“ laid on such weak Hopes ? how sandy their
“ Foundation ? Of this I cannot give you a
“ stronger Proof, than recounting to you a
“ Story of the celebrated Duke of W——N
“ in Circumstance something similar to
“ yours.

As I was partly acquainted with the History
of his Grace, I was the more desirous to hear
this Adventure ; a Request which I made her,
and she complied with in the politest Manner
possible ; observing first that his Misfortunes
might warn others from treading in the same
dangerous Paths.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

The Occasion of the Duke of W——N's retiring to Spain. His Reception at Court. Falls in Love with a Maid of Honour. Demands her of the Queen, who at first refuses, but is at length prevailed on to consent to the Match. Retires to France with his new marry'd Dutcheſs, in a discontented Mood, but returns again to Madrid.

W H O is there ignorant of the Diffentions and Animofities ruling in *England*, caus'd by the Claim, which a Family reſiding in *Italy*, has laid to the Crown of that Kingdom? How much Blood has been ſhed, what prodigious Fortunes ſacrific'd? What immense Sums ſquandered in theſe Quarrels? They oblig'd the Duke of W——N to quit the Kingdom in a Hurry, and from the ungrateful Soil of his own Country, he retir'd into *Spain*, imagining his Birth, Family, and Addreſs, would immediately procure him a Poſt in the Service, and ſecure him ſome ſpeedy Employment, which might not be beneath his Dignity to accept.

He

He appeared at Court with very great Applause, joining to the external Appearance of a very handsome Man, a delicate Wit, and every Accomplishment of Nobility. The Reception which he met with from his Chatholic Majesty, confirm'd him in his Hopes, and, perhaps, they had done Justice to his Merit, had he not by such another rash, inconsiderate Attachment, as yours, bound himself to reside in *Spain*, whereby he was obliged to content himself with accepting what the Court pleas'd; and you may be certain they gave according to their own Pleasure, and far inadequate to his Desert.

The Duke, who had a Heart form'd for Love, became, by attending at the the Queen's Levee, acquainted with CATHERINA M***** one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, who was not only very handsome, but a Woman of lively Wit, extreme good Sense, and Mistress of every Thing that could form the Agreeable; nor was her Virtue inferior to her Charms; but with all these Perfections, she had no Fortune, but what the Queen might please to endow her with, as one of her Attendants,

This

This was no Objection to him, who was distractedly in Love, and could never be easy out of his Mistress's Company, to whom he unfolded all his Passion with Success; for the Match was too advantageous to be refus'd, and she was persuaded the Queen wou'd not at all oppose her Advancement, but easily consent to the Desires of the Duke, who, encouraged by the Kindness of his Reception, personally demanded her of that Princess, whose Surprise at so extraordinary a Proposition was very great.

* Are you in your Senses, my Lord? (said she to the Duke) Are you Master of Reflection, and yet insensible of the many Disadvantages that must accrue to you, from the Grant of your Request? Is it not absolutely opposite both to your Interest, and future Establishment in Life?

He, in return, assur'd her, he could not be happy without Possession of CATHERINA; but this Declaration was very little to the Purpose, for the Queen was not to be prevailed upon.

It is in vain (says she) to insist, I will not be necessary to your embarking in the inextricable Misfortunes which must ensue from my Consent;
they

they will soon appear, when the Warmth of your Passion is cooled; when Reason resumes the Seat, whence she's now excluded by the Violence of Desire; and you will too late lament the irreparable Folly? Are you not proscrib'd and exiled? depriv'd of the Fortune necessary to support the Lustre of your Family? And, can you tamely bear to bestow your Name on a Woman, who has no Fortune herself, and on whom you can settle nothing, but Poverty and a Title? Ruminatè on what I have said, you will thank me for denying you, and allow that I'm your Friend.

This Discourse threw the Duke into absolute Despair; from the Royal Presence he retir'd to the Lady, and having inform'd her of his ill Success, and conjur'd her to Constancy, he vow'd that neither Time nor Force, could ever tear her from his Heart. "I am determin'd, (added he) to conquer this Obstinance of the Queen, provided you never prove false to me, or change; nor shall the most insurmountable Obstacles, deter me from my Pursuit."

CATHE-

CATHERINA, who really lov'd him, return'd his Attachment with Sincerity equal to his own ; and consol'd him the best in her Power ; at last, these two Lovers resolv'd privately to wed, in spite of all Obstacles, and depended on their mutual Regard for Protection from every Accident.

The Queen was all this while not to be mov'd ; she was deaf to the numberless Representations of the Duke's Friends, for he left nothing undone, that he imagin'd might influence her ; this destroying all his Grace's Hopes of Happiness, sunk so deeply on his Spirits, that he was reduc'd to the lowest Ebb ; an intermitting Fever, attended with the heaviest Melancholy, bringing him almost to the Grave.

The Account of his Situation was carry'd to the Queen, and it seem'd to touch her to the Soul. She sent him a Message, setting forth, that the News of his re-establish'd health, would give her infinite Satisfaction ; and, that she desir'd to see him, the first favourable Opportunity.

He

He seiz'd the Moment that seem'd to promise
 Alleviation to his Cares, which he imagin'd pre-
 sented itself in this kind Embassy, and collecting
 all his little Force, hasten'd to Court, to throw
 himself at her Majesty's Feet; and once more
 assure her, that Death was welcome, and in-
 evitable, unless she graciously consented to join
 his and CATHERINA M*****'s Hands, in the
 indissoluble Ties of Matrimony. "From your
 " Majesty's Lips, (says he) I expect the Deter-
 " mination of my Fate; Life or Death, (there
 " is no Medium) depends upon your Words.
 " If you continue inflexible, I have a ministring
 " Hand, which shall assist in conveying me to
 " that unknown Shore, *from whose bourn no*
 " Traveller returns.

" You have my Consent to marry the Lady,
 " (answer'd the Queen) but it is much against
 " my Inclination; and I have Reason to fear
 " you will, one Day, repent of the Rashness
 " of the Action."

The Duke was transported at this Reply; he
 thank'd her in the liveliest and most grateful
 Manner, and was impatient to convey it to
 his

his Mistress's Ears ; to whom it gave a Joy, as sensible as possible, and, there being nothing now to oppose their Felicity, they were married without any Delay.

Their Pleasure lasted for some Time unembitter'd, but, at length, the Duke began to perceive his *faux Pas*. The Expences necessary in supporting his Spouse, according to her Quality, were beyond what he was able to defray ; for as his Revenues in *England* had been seiz'd by the Crown, he was become a Charge to the Court of *Spain* ; which was tir'd of granting him the Subsidies he requir'd since his Marriage. When impatient at the Delay of his Payments, and the Neglect shewn to his Demands, he remov'd the Scene of Action to *France*, where he hoped to find a Change of Fortune for the better, and indeed it was necessary.

At *Paris* he was received with all the Respect due to his Quality, as well as with the Politeness that always distinguishes the *French* Nation ; every Thing seem'd to smile upon him, and his Hopes wore the most enticing Appearance ; but his Taste for Grandeur involv'd him in Expences, which brought him considerably in
Debt;

Debt; nor did her Grace, who accompany'd him, oppose his want of Œconomy. This, perhaps, she look'd upon as her Duty, as she had brought him nothing, she did not think she had a Right to controul his Generosity, and her great Respect for him persuaded her he was the best Judge of his own Affairs, as well as his having Prudence enough to live within proper Bounds.

The *French* Court, prov'd in the End, the common Observation on the Nation, that Civility is natural to the Soil, and Truth an Exotic; he return'd to *Madrid*, but indifferently satisfy'd at his Tour; finding the Gravity and Slowness of *Spain*, more certain, and more to be rely'd on, than the Alacrity and Quickness of *France*.

His Affairs were so much embarrass'd, by the Profusion with which he had liv'd in his *French* Tour, that he was oblig'd to content himself with any Thing the Court pleas'd to give him; for Necessity has no Law.

CHAP. VIII.

The Duke gets a Regiment, quarter'd at Barcelona. Affronted by a Mask, and Quarrels with the Vice-roy of Catalonia. Laid under an Arrest. Falls violently ill. Retires to a Convent, and dies in very indifferent Circumstances. Some Observations on the Promises of a Court. RASAC, and his Pupil, set out for Barcelona.

THE Queen receiv'd the Dutcheſs, as before, into her Houſhold, while the Duke was order'd to join a Regiment in Catalonia; having receiv'd the Brevet of a Colonel, with a Penſion, which was nothing to boaſt of. Though this Situation appear'd but melancholy for ſo illuſtrious a Nobleman, he found within himſelf a ſufficient Defence againſt the worſt Attacks of Fate.

Though he join'd the Characters of the Hero and the Philoſopher, Fortune ſpar'd him not, ſhe had freſh Arrows in Store, ready to follow thoſe already diſcharg'd againſt him. He receiv'd

ceiv'd an Affront from a Mask, whom he did not know, one Night that he was conducting some Ladies from a Ball; this happen'd in *Barcelona* where he was in Garrison. Having, upon Enquiry, discover'd this Person to be no more than a Valet, in the Service of the Marquis of RISBURGH, Governor of *Catalonia*, and giving Scope to the first Impulse of his Passion, he can'd him severely in return for his Insolence.

The Domestic complain'd of this Usage to his Master, who neglected it for sometime, imagining the Duke would have sent him a complimentary Excuse, which he omitted, either not looking on himself as oblig'd to do so, or thinking the Fellow would never have the Boldness to address the Marquis, who, piqu'd at his Grace's Proceedings, in two Days after sent him Notice of Arrest, which he obey'd, and retir'd to *Mont-Ioni*, and, in a short Time, was order'd to quit. This he absolutely refus'd to do without express Orders from Court, which he believ'd would condemn the haughty Proceeding of the Governor. But how did he find himself deceiv'd! the Marquis had Interest enough to obtain Orders for the Duke to retire

to

to the Garrison, and not re-enter the Town upon any Account.

This Disgrace crown'd his Misfortunes ; his Philosophy forsook him, and he was no longer Proof against the Efforts of his malicious Stars ; he gave himself up to a Melancholy that prey'd upon his Vitals, and relaps'd into his former Disorder.

From the Beginning of his Malady the Physician look'd upon it to be mortal. Grief and Cares had inflam'd his Blood to an insuperable Degree ; his last Hour approach'd, and he beheld it like a Man ; but Fortune, as if determin'd to prosecute him even to the Verge of Life, pour'd upon him new Grievs.

During his Sickness he was much freightned for Want of Money ; and the many Delays and Impertinencies his Dutcheß was oblig'd to endure before she could obtain the Payment of his Pension at Court, gave him additional Anguish. In his Quarters he was remov'd at a Distance from such Succour as was repeatedly essential to him. There was a Convent in the Neighbourhood, the Religious of which, being inform'd

form'd of his Situation and Condition, came to offer their Assistance.

He refus'd nothing, and was remov'd to their House. They took all imaginable Care of him during his Illness, which lasted about a Month; and this illustrious Nobleman, whose Birth and Education, and great Abilities, might have made him one of the most considerable Men of his Time, expir'd in a religious House, in the Arms of a Body of Friars, whose Motive of attending on him was Charity. His imprudent Marriage compleated his Misfortunes, the Foundation of which was his Reliance on the Promise of the *Spanish* Court, of which they are generally profuse, without any View of fulfilling them.

“ Think on the Fate of this great Man,
“ (continu'd the Dutches) look back on his
“ Adventures, and remember you are in the
“ same Country where his Virtues were so
“ greatly disregarded; you know, as yet, but
“ little of our Constitution, if you look on Sin-
“ cerity as a Part of it. While you have no
“ Favours to ask, the People will lavish Car-
“ resses upon you; but should you become a
“ Charge

“ Charge to the State, and a Suitor for Em-
“ ployments, to which the *Spaniards* believe
“ they have the sole Right, the greatest Part of
“ the Gentry, who now prize you as a Friend,
“ will be foremost to decry your Merits. The
“ Jealousy which they entertain against those
“ Strangers, whose Desert recommends them
“ to Preferment, is inexpressible.

It is with Difficulty the Queen can protect the *Italians*, though she is one herself. The *French*, who follow'd the King, and behav'd so gallantly during the last Wars, have undergone a thousand Slights. The King was born in *France*, and it were Injustice did he not acknowledge the Obligations he lies under to them; notwithstanding which, it is with Difficulty he protects them from the Snares that are laid for them, and the Infamy with which it is endeavour'd to cover them. You do not want for good Sense to teach you how to act after the Lesson I have given you; and it must appear plain to you, that all you can gain by your Alliance with the D'ALINCASTRA Family, will be a fruitless Dependance upon the Court, which must end in your Ruin.



Here

Here some Business demanding the Presence of the Dutchess elsewhere, she left me to draw such Consequences from her Discourse as I should think best; I struggled hard to master the Flame that prey'd upon my Soul, and my Friend RASAC, who scarce ever quitted me, shar'd in all my Pains; he allow'd the Sacrifice demanded was great; but, in the mean Time, he made me sensible it was necessary to my Duty and Felicity. I begg'd it as a Favour that I might be permitted to write a Letter to MARIA, but he oppos'd it, urging it would serve no other End but that of feeding my Passion, and keeping alive, in my Memory, the Idea of a Woman I ought to forget, with whom it was requisite I should openly break off. "The more impossible (said he) you make a Reconciliation, the more easily you will find the Endeavour at it avoided; and the Hope of obtaining her Pardon, will only create you new Torments, and fresh Uneasiness."

"And what must she think (return'd I) of such a Proceeding? What Idea must she form of me? Will she not have Reason to complain of my Conduct, should I repay her
" great

“ great Affection with such absolute Ingratitude ? ” “ What imports her Praise, or her Reproach ? (says the Chevalier) so you are preserv’d from the Precipice on whose Brink you already stand ? Why this Delicacy to a Woman who would seduce you ? How hoodwink’d is your Passion ? Are you callous to the Despair into which it would throw your good Father, and your whole Family ? A Father who loves you ! A Family to whom you are dear ! You fear the ineffectual Reproaches of your Mistress ! How much more ought you to dread the Reproaches of the others ? To whom are you more obliged, to her, and her fancy’d Love ? or to your tender Father, and your Family ? Draw a Parallel, and let Reason give the Palm.”

Not all my Friend’s Remonstrances were enough to open my Eyes ; and though I was far from being insensible of their Justice, my Heart was torn to pieces by my Love for MARIA, -and my Duty to my Family.

The Moment I got into my Post-chaise, the Marquis, and my Friend, hurry’d me away ; we took the Road to *Barcelona*, intending, at

that Port, to take Shipping for *England*. The Dutcheſs DE ST. BLASS had promis'd, before my Departure, that when I was gone ſhe would inform MARIA that I had been oblig'd to ſet out Poſt for *France*, having receiv'd ſome Diſpatches, requiring it, by an eſpecial Courier, who had reported my Father at the Point of Death; and the Hope that her Grace would keep her Word, gave me very great Conſolation.

Neither the Marquis, nor RASAC, left any Thing uneffay'd, during the whole Journey, that they thought could divert me; but my Wound was too freſh to admit of ſo ſudden a Cloſure. The Image of my Charmer was always in my Eye, though, by Degrees, I gain'd an Inſight of my Follies. My Friend ſeiz'd every Occaſion of improving theſe Diſpoſitions, and he, at leaſt, obtain'd this coveted end, that if he did not entirely baniſh Love from my Boſom, he re-eſtabliſh'd Reaſon in the Rule of her Dominion.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Count DU BEAUVAL.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

BEAUVAL and RASAC's Arrival at Barcelona.
The Friendship of the Dutcheſs of ST. BLASS,
accounted for by the Marquis DE MONTORIO.

I WAS something more tranquile on my Arrival at *Barcelona*, than I had been for ſome-time before. And now the Readineſs which

E 2

the

the Dutcheſs DE ST. BLASS had ſhewn for my Intereſt, nay, rather the Officiouſneſs, occuring to my Mind, I apply'd to RASAC for an Explanation of it, who clear'd it up, by telling me he had obſerv'd, that my Intereſt was, in Reality, the ſmalleſt Part of the Dutcheſs's Care; but he had Reaſon to infer from ſome Hints he had over-heard her drop, that the true Cauſe of her Diſtaſte to MARIA, was, ſhe fear'd my being marry'd to her would over-turn ſome darling Project ſhe had concerted; and this, independant of any Regard for me, was the Motive of her Proceeding.

The Marquis DE MONTORIO, who was preſent at this Conference, offer'd to inform us what gave riſe to the ſecret Hatred ſubſiſting between theſe Ladies. And as we had never heard the Dutcheſs's Memoirs but very triflingly, I laid hold of that Opportunity of learning them.

Perhaps I had not been ſo curious in this Matter, had ſhe not been ſo buſy in the Affair between MARIA and me. For though Conſideration aſſur'd me, ſhe had acted a friendly Part with Reſpect to me, and ſuch a one as,
perhaps,

perhaps, had sav'd me from Destruction, and my Family from very great Grief, I suspected, from my little Knowledge of the World, that it was either to revenge some past Affront, or forward some future Scheme.



C H A P. II.

The Dutcheſs's Birth and firſt Intrigue with a young Colonel, whom ſhe marries. Becomes intimate with the Duke DE ST. BLASS, and makes her Huſband very uneaſy, whom ſhe accuſes of Imbecillity. Retires to a Convent. Obtains a Divorce, and marries the Duke, who is ſoon after kill'd.

ROSALINDA, Dutcheſs DE ST. BLASS, (continued he) is Daughter to an *Italian* who was the Queen's Nurſe, with whom ſhe came into this Country; her Alliance was ſought for by ſeveral conſiderable Families, (while ſhe was yet very young) who expected by it, to ſecure to themſelves the Royal Protection.

Her perſonal Charms, for you muſt allow that ſhe has ſome Attractions, encreaſed the Number of her Lovers, as much as her Mother's ſuppos'd Intereſt. Among them appeared DON PEDRO DE SOTO, a Gentleman of ſome Figure,

Figure, who was Colonel of a Regiment, and reckoned rich. Nor did the young ROSALINDA hesitate in the Choice of her Lover, thereby shewing that her Judgment was not bad.

Both the Families consented to unite them, as their Inclinations seem'd already mutually engaged, nor was the Ceremony deferr'd; for the first two Years they liv'd contented and happy: But this was not to last, they were reserv'd to be the Sport and Amusement of the whole Kingdom. Love and Ambition were the Cause of their Misfortunes.

The Duke DE ST. BLASS was young, handsome, and well made; ROSALINDA saw him often at Court, his Manners and Address impress'd her very deeply, and she found it vain to endeavour his Exclusion from her Breast.

It was easy for the Duke to read the Heart of his new Conquest; he became more attentive to her Motions, and, in a little Time, felt himself inspir'd with a Passion irresistible as hers. The Husband suspecting their Intercourse, bore with Impatience, even the Notion of his Wife's Treachery, and, in order to prevent her seeing

the Duke, had taken it in his Head to send her privately into the Country.

By what Means, I know not, she received Intelligence of his Design, which determined her to break all Measures, and risque every Thing for the Duke's Happiness and her's, who was ready, and joyfully willing to give her every possible Assistance: It was in Consequence of this that she suddenly retir'd to a Convent, and commenc'd a Suit against her Husband, accusing him of Impotency, and demanding a Divorce.

Judge, but it is impossible! his Grief and Rage at this Proceeding, which was augmented by the Noise he plainly perceived it must make in the World; he would willingly have agreed to any Terms of Reconciliation, but she, full of the Notion of wedding the Man she lov'd, was deaf to every Offer of Accommodation.

The Affair was contested several Months; the Relations of DON PEDRO, among whom, appeared MARIA D'ALINCASTRA, supporting his Interest as much as in their Power; and the Family of ROSALINDA joining with her,
after

after having serv'd for the Diversion of the whole Town, and expended a Deal of Money to preserve a Woman who was only happy in being lost, poor DON PEDRO was cast, he was condemn'd to repay her Dower, the Marriage was set aside, and both Parties left at Liberty to wed again whom they pleas'd.

This Sentence, which the Ambition of his Wife had tempted her to solicit, cover'd DON PEDRO with Shame and Dishonour, while she, exulting in her Victory, was soon after publicly married to the Duke DE ST. BLASS, ever preserving a mortal Antipathy against all the Persons who had engag'd themselves, during the Dispute, in the Interest of her Husband, who, disdaining to live in the World after such Disgrace, the fix'd Object of Ridicule, was oblig'd, on the Eve of his advancing in the Service, and cutting a shining Figure, to quit all his Pretensions, and retire to a distant solitary Estate, which he had in the Country, where he still continues given up to Melancholy, and abstracted from all Society.

The Duke was not much happier than he, for he enjoy'd his Mistress but a very short

E 5

while.

while. In four Months after his Marriage, he went as a Volunteer against *Oran*, contrary to the Inclinations of his Family, whose Fears for him made them endeavour to traverse his Designs, which he fulfill'd thro' the Interest of his Wife, who thus became the innocent Cause of his Death.

The Loss of him seems eternally to haunt her; and yet, if you'll take my Opinion of her Grief, and I should be sorry to wrong her, there is more of Ostentation, than real Regret, in her Affliction.

RASAC took Occasion from this Story of the Marquis DE MONTORIO, to make new Reflections on the Disorders rising from Love. Had DON PEDRO never felt this Passion, what innumerable Inconveniencies, what heart-killing Cares, had he avoided? Let not his Fate escape your Memory at any Time, it ought to complete your Cure, to recollect the many Evils you have escap'd which must have ensu'd from your Marriage, since by it you must have lost the Friendship of your Father, been exiled from your Country, and forfeited a splendid Inheritance, with no other Certainty, than that
of

of being liable to a Reverse, which might affect you still more sensibly.

My Friend continu'd to fortify my Heart in this Manner against the Attacks made upon it by MARIA ; at length I recover'd my Tranquillity, and, in six Weeks after, was so firmly persuaded of the Friendship of his Admonitions, that no Trace of my Engagement remain'd, but that of being asham'd and sorry for it ; and I again resolv'd never more to bow to the Dominion of Love.

The Perils that I had escap'd, and the Examples that daily pass'd before my Eyes, were, I imagin'd, sufficient to defend me against myself, and protect me from its fatal Attacks ; but all my Projects were soon lost in Air, and I again was caught in the Snares which I had so lately escap'd,

CHAP. III.

BEAUVAL *Intrigues with Madam DE MARISCHAL, and is successful. Her Husband oblig'd to leave Barcelona. She makes large Attacks upon his Purse, and RASAC is render'd very uneasy. A new Acquaintance appears, who undertakes a surprising Eclaircissement.*

WE had been now about two Months at *Barcelona*; our Delay here so long, was caus'd by the Marquis DE MONTORIO's falling Sick, and we waited for a full Establishment of his Health, he being yet very weak, to proceed on our Voyage to *Italy*. During our Residence here, I often visited Madam DE MARISCHAL, a *Flemish* Lady, who had married a *Walloon* Officer; whose House was frequented by the genteelest Company, at which it was impolite not to be known.

I visited her often with great Satisfaction, her Air was engaging, and her Manners easy and unaffected: Female Virtues so very rare in this Country,



Country, that it was impossible they shou'd not charm me. Here again, the Weakness of my Constitution prevail'd, and, in spite of all my fine Resolutions, I was once more deeply in Love. She was no such Novice, as to be long ignorant of it; she was soon taught to discern it by her own Penetration, and believing I was very proper for her Purpose, shew'd me a thousand little Distinctions, which rivetted my Fetters, for I was very rich, a Qualification necessary to every Man whom she receiv'd upon the Footing of a Lover.

I had not dar'd as yet to acknowledge my Passion, but behav'd with the most distant Respect, fearing she might interpret trifling Acts of Politeness into impertinent Marks of my Passion; she, perceiving my Embarrassment, forwarded the Advancement of the Affair, not caring to lose Time in useless Ceremonies, and approach'd three Fourths of the Way to meet me.

I don't know (says she to me one Day) to what to attribute it, but, upon my Word, Count, I begin to wish I had never known you; I think I heard it said that you are going to leave

us

us soon ; Is it so ? And do you only wait for the Marquis DE MONTORIO's being able to bear the Sea ? Well, we shall have nothing then but the Regret of remembering you, but you'll never bestow a single Thought upon *us*, for whom it won't be so easy to forget you. Ah ! Madam, answer'd I, with an Air that plainly spoke what I felt, I should be the happiest Man in the World, were these your real Sentiments ; nothing should then have Power to oblige me to quit *Barcelona* ; the Universe has no Jewel which could, in my Eye, be valuable enough to equal your Esteem.

Here LAMARISCHAL appeared disconcerted, and affected some Sort of Confusion. Prithee, say no more, answer'd she, our Conversation has already been too long, and I am sorry for having said so much ; I no longer doubted my being belov'd, and, taking Courage at her seeming Weakness, swore that I would *die* rather than be forc'd to forget her, and that I found it would be impossible for me to *live* out of her Sight.

I only begg'd to be assur'd that my Affection was not displeasing to her, and that she would permit me to hope. Require not of me (says she)

she) at once *all* that you can; be satisfied at having subdu'd me, and spare me the Shame of beholding you triumph. Here our Conversation was interrupted by Visitors. From this Day forward I gave myself up to my Passion; my Mistress, who had obtain'd her End, acted with great Oeconomy; a kind Look was studied, at least, two Days before it was given, for there was no Fear of her being hurried away by the Impetuosity of Passion; her Designs were not upon my Heart, but my Purse.

The first Attack she made upon my Pocket, was in Favour of her Husband. She affected great Reserve in my Presence for a Day or two, of which I could not avoid asking the Reason. She was a good while before I could persuade her to resolve me, which she only did in Consequence of my repeated Entreaties. At last, “ my
“ Husband (says she) is order'd to his Regiment
“ immediately; I expected to have been paid
“ 100 Pistoles To-day, which are necessary for
“ his Subsistence, but I have been disappointed,
“ which has embarrass'd me very much, as it is
“ impossible for him to delay, and he is quite at
“ a Loss for Money.” I laid hold of this Opportunity to offer her what she wanted, and entreated

treated her to make no Ceremony in the Acceptance, affirming nothing would give me greater Happiness, than being able to serve her in Points more essential. She was a long while before she would receive it, and told me it gave her more Pain, than I could imagine, to lay herself under Obligations to a Man for whom she could not avoid harbouring an Esteem. Our Conference concluded with my paying her 100 Pistoles, for which she forc'd upon me her Note of Hand, and her Husband set out the next Day.

His Absence made the Approaches to his Wife very easy; I pass'd the greater Part of the Day at her House, and supp'd there every Night; the Ease and Familiarity with which she receiv'd me added Fuel to my Flame, and I resolv'd to make the best Use of that Liberty I enjoy'd, by pushing Things to the greatest Lengths. I became more assiduous than ever, and swore to her, that, unless she granted me that Favour which my Constancy and Fidelity deserv'd, Life had no longer any Charm. She had been us'd to these Sort of Attacks, and was no Stranger to the Art of yielding with Address; her Resistance was but weak, and such as I could not help attributing to my own Abilities and her Love; her

her Resistance was only to save Appearances, and, as I was ignorant of this Part of her Character, which I soon after learn'd, I esteem'd myself the happiest Man in the World.

After this first Step, we us'd but very little Ceremony; the Absence of her Husband gave us Leisure to enjoy ourselves; every Hour that was unengag'd, we made the best Use of, and dedicated in the Temple of Pleasure; but indeed I bought these Moments very dear, few Days passing without my making her some very considerable Present; of these, a Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, and a Diamond-Ring, were not the least valuable.

RASAC, tho' he found considerable Deficiencies in my Purse, and saw very plainly the Occasion of them, had not paid much Attention to my Liking to MARISCHAL. As here was no Opportunity of my making such irreparable Mistakes by a dishonorable Marriage, as I had before ran the Hazard of, he had Complaisance enough hitherto to be silent; but, when he saw how inconsiderately I proceeded, he imagin'd it high Time to prevent me from being longer a Dupe to this Woman, who had reduc'd me extremely

extremely by the Expences into which she had run me.

He had convincing Proofs of her mercenary Guilt, ready to produce upon Occasion; and to her last Adventure, which had made a very great Noise in *Barcelona*, I was yet a Stranger.

He was satisfied, that, hearing it from a third Person, who might be thought quite indifferent, would have a much better Effect upon me than his relating it, as I might imagine him prejudic'd. He pitch'd upon an Officer of Dragoons, with whom I had contracted some Intimacy, to do me this Piece of Service; the following was the Day appointed for it, the Captain was oblig'd to dine with us, and was exact to his Hour.

The Marquis DE MONTORIO, who was now pretty well recover'd, favour'd us with his Company at Table; the Ladies were the Topic of our Conversation, while we finish'd the Dessert, and many a scandalous Story was related; among others, the Marquis, by Chance, dropp'd the Name of MARESCHAL. Stop there (says the Officer) I don't want a Quarrel with any Person;

son, I have nothing to say to the Lady, my great Respect for the Count prevents it, and I should not wish to have him my Enemy. I am certain, answer'd the Marquis, that he is too good humour'd to take amiss what he's not in the least concern'd about ; besides, if he was, he has too much Politeness to prevent our hearing the Adventures of the Lady, as they may contribute to amuse us. I have heard some Stories before of her, which have been pretty diverting, and, I dare say, this will prove sufficiently so ; nor will the Count, though she may be his Mistress, take amiss the Recital.

This Discourse rais'd my Curiosity, it is a Foible natural to Lovers, and, as I did not imagine they either *would*, or *could* say any thing to hurt my Delicacy, I was one of the first and most pressing for the Story upon the Officer, begging that he would explain himself without any Constraint, at the same Time affecting an Air of careless Indifference for all I could possibly hear.

Nay, says the Officer, since you press me to it, it's impossible to resist ; I'll give you the exact Narration of what happen'd between Madam

LA

LA MARISCHAL and Lord N—H and G—Y,
for her Adventures and his are so link'd, they
cannot be separated, the Incidents of one fol-
lowing necessarily from the other.



CHAP. IV.

Miss VANDERLINE bred under her Aunt. Lord N—H and G—Y falls in love with her, and his odd Method of winning her. She proves with Child. Marries a WALLOON. Assumes the Name of MARISCHAL, and sets out for Spain with my Lord. Enamour'd of ARNAUD, and openly acknowledges it. A dangerous Rencontre. My Lord dies. She makes a Dupe of an old Judge. Her Story concluded. RASAC's Observations on it. BEAUVAL's Folly discovered. The Officer's generous Resolution. They arrive at Genoa.

CATHERINE VANDERLINE, at present the Wife of Monsieur MARISCHAL, was bred up in *Brussels*, where she was born, under the Care of a good old Aunt, whose juvenile Occupation had been the Sale of those Charms with which Nature had adorn'd her to the highest Bidder; a Disposition with which she inspir'd her Niece, to whose Constitution and

Inclina-

Inclinations it was not much averſe ; and ſhe was from the Beginning taught that the richeſt was the moſt eſtimable Lover.

I confeſs to you, though I was prepar'd for whatever the Captain ſhould ſay, this Prelude ſomewhat diſconcerted me ; however, after a Moment's Pauſe, I reſolv'd not to make myſelf the Jeſt of the Company, but to attend, without Interruption, to the Remainder of his Story.

LA VANDERLINE (continu'd he) knew how to make the beſt Uſe of her Aunt's Inſtructions ; ſhe had Variety of Lovers ; and as ſhe was perfectly Miſtreſs of Diſſimulation, had the Art of coquetting with them all, and perſuading each that he was her Favourite, without any one fearing the Preference of another, or even imagining that he had a Rival. Thoſe rare Talents were not ſo profitable to her younger Years as might have been expected ; her Admirers were none of them of ſufficient Rank to make her a brilliant Fortune ; and while ſhe admitted their Addreſſes, partly to fleece them, and partly to paſs away the Time, ſhe was always upon the Watch for thoſe who might be
more

more advantageous ; Fortune was at length kind to her Desires, and threw one in her Way, on whom she built great Hopes.

The Lord N---H and G--Y, an *English* Nobleman, saw her as he pass'd thro' *Flanders*, and lik'd her ; he did not amuse himself with sighing and whining, but chink'd his Purse, and made his Guineas speak for the Sincerity of his Heart. VANDERLINE was charm'd with the Sweetness of the Language, she found it capable of inspiring with the purest Sentiments, and the most tender Sensations ; she had now an Opportunity of putting in Practice every Art of which she was Mistress, and gave several terrible Shocks to his Lordship's Purse. That he did not trifle in his Intrigues, and endeavour'd to make the most of his Money, appear'd in her being big with Child.

This threw their Affairs into some Disorder, and the only Expedient for recovering them was to marry her off, as she might thereby preserve her Character ; he join'd, to what she already possess'd, a very considerable Sum of Money, and match'd her to a *Fleming*, who, though he was kept ignorant of her Contumely, and, at any Time, would have preferr'd Gold to conjugal Affection,

Affection, would nevertheless have easily overlook'd the Loss of her Chastity.

Soon after this Marriage my Lord was oblig'd to set out for *Spain*, and propos'd to her Husband a Journey with him thither, not being able entirely to resign his Mistress, as an Inducement thereto, promising to procure him an Employment; he accepted of the Offer, and they staid not long after his Lordship.

Soon after their settling in this Town, where my Lord remain'd for some Time, she contracted an Intimacy with Capt. ARNAUD, belonging to our Regiment. This Intimacy was not at all pleasing to his Lordship, who insisted upon her dropping it, to which she agreed, and the Moment he was gone broke her Word. His Lordship discover'd this, and repeated the Charge, which she *again* promis'd to obey, and did it with as much Exactness as before.

On this he had Recourse to her Husband, whom he thought it easy to attach to his Interest by some timely Presents beyond what he usually gave him. MARISCHAL was no Stranger to his Wife's Conduct, but the Sweets of Profit had seal'd up his Eyes,

Eyes, and, finding they were upon the Point of losing my Lord, in whose Place his Wife had substituted a young Fellow, who had neither Wit nor Address to out-weigh his Lordship's Guineas, resolv'd to use the Authority which Marriage had given him, in driving ARNAUD from her Presence; for the first Time in her Life she was sensibly touch'd, and, without regarding any Forms, refus'd to submit either to the Threats or Entreaties of her Husband.

The Breach betwixt them became very wide, and he, being wound up to a very great Pitch of Anger, gave her a Box on the Ear; on which she snatch'd a Pistol that chanc'd to be in the Chamber, and discharg'd it at her Husband without doing any Mischief. The Noise alarm'd the Neighbourhood, and the Story soon became a Town-talk, nor was my Lord long unacquainted with every Particular of their Proceedings, which determin'd him to quit the Intrigue, beginning now to grow weary of it, more especially as there was no Dependance on the Heart of his Mistress.

This determin'd MARISCHAL to demand of my Lord the fulfilling his Promise, and the pro-
F curing

curing him a proper Provision; but this was no longer the Object of his Lordship's Intentions, since he had entirely broken off with the Wife.

MARISCHAL, piqu'd at his Indifference, soon made up the Quarrel with her, and they mutually agreed to demand of him the Reimbursement of those Expences they had been at in their Journey, producing Letters in Support of their Pretensions under his own Hand, wherein he order'd them to come to *Spain*, directing their Route, and promising to take Care of their Fortunes. The Affair was brought before the Marquis of RISBOURG Governor of *Catalonia*, who would willingly have prevented it from being canvass'd, and propos'd to his Lordship to give them something by Way of accommodating the Matter amicably. This, as he had been extremely irritated, he firmly refus'd, nor would he hearken to any Terms of Agreement; however, MARISCHAL pursu'd his Point, and the Governor, not being able to avoid giving Judgment against him, order'd his Lordship to pay them 500 Pistoles, his own Letters being allow'd as strong Testimonies against him.

He

He paid the Money because he could not help it, but his Resentment against the Marquis DE RISBOURG, on Account of a Decision which he could not pardon, determin'd him to stay no longer at *Barcelona*. This caus'd him to set out for *France* at a Time when his Health was very much impair'd, notwithstanding all the Remonstrances that could be made to dissuade him from it. The secret Contempt he had conceiv'd against the Marquis, and his Impatience at the Sight of MARISCHAL, oblig'd him, at all Hazards, to the Journey. But he had Reason to repent his not accepting Advice, for he fell dangerously ill on the Road, and, though great Care was taken of his Health, it was with Difficulty he got the better of it. On his Recovery he return'd to *Spain*; but the Fatigue having incommoded him extremely, he relaps'd, and linger'd but a very short Time; nor, when he died, were his Physicians, who attended him, able to determine what had been his Disorder.

The Lady receiv'd the News of his Death without being much mov'd, for, though she had been the principal Cause of it, she did not believe herself oblig'd to be afflicted. By this Time she was tir'd of ARNAUD, her Heart was not

form'd for Constancy, and a Lover, who had nothing to recommend him but being barely amiable, was not to her Taste.

As her Commerce with Lord N---H and G--Y had been publish'd in this Place very little to her Advantage, she quitted it for *Madrid*, where an old Judge fell a Victim to her Charms, through whose Interest she provided for her Husband. This debilitated Lover prov'd an excellent Dupe; she drain'd him of a great Number of Pistoles, and he had given her still more, had not Death made free with the old Gentleman, and carried him out of this World. It is about six Months since she return'd hither, and, as she is an amiable Woman, perfectly Mistress of the *Agreeable*, her House is the Rendezvous of Love, Play, or good Company, of which you will always find there rich Crops.

This History astonish'd me so that I remain'd amaz'd and confounded while the Captain continued it. RASAC, who, with infinite Pleasure, saw the Effect it had upon me, waited to hear what Reflections I should make on my hundred Pistoles, Watch, Ring, and Snuff-Box, which I must have thought such certain Guaranties of
her

her Heart; but I kept a strict Silence, and my Time was divided between comparing what I had just heard, with the Conduct she observ'd in Respect of me, the Result of which was my being satisfied that I had been once again a Fool to the Sex.

He ask'd me, smiling, " If it was not my
" Opinion, that a Man, who fell into the
" Hands of such a Woman, ought not to trem-
" ble for Fear of being left Penniless? and be
" thankful to Providence if he escap'd with
" losing only three or four hundred Pistoles?"
You are merry in a wrong Time (said I) for if
you had contriv'd to give me this Information
before, she should never have had my Ring; I
had kept my Watch, my Gold Snuff-Box, and
the hundred Pistoles that I lent her.

" How! (observ'd RASAC) have you given
" her these Trifles? What could you think
" of her? Do you imagine your Allowance,
" or your Father's Wealth, can support such
" Expence? You, perhaps, intended to re-
" turn soon to *France*, and, at this Rate, you
" must whether you will or no. But what Idea,
" tell me truly, had you of her? You cannot
F 3 imagine,

“ imagine, dear Count, that a Woman, capable of true Love, either could, or would, accept so considerable a Present; Faith, I cannot see how a Man of your good Sense could have been so taken in.”

“ Well (replied I) let us forget the past, and endeavour to do better for the future; what Regret I may have at the Loss of my Money, I shall be compensated for, and judge it well laid out, if it protects me from the Snares that may hereafter be laid in my Way by Women of her Cast.”

“ What! (said the Captain) you are kind indeed to sit down contentedly after being chous'd out of such considerable Moveables; but you must not submit to be her Bubble; you must have your Money again; there is nothing easier than the Means; you have a Right to seize on such of her Effects as you please, nay all of them if you will.”

“ Permit me (answer'd I) to decline subscribing to your Advice, though I really hold her in the highest Contempt; I repent not at the Presents I gave her, as they were my own unconstrain'd Gifts. It is my Business to know

“ know best how far I have been her Dupe ; if
 “ I have, it is I am to feel it, but there would
 “ be a sorry Avarice, a mean Oeconomy, in
 “ offering to re-demand them.” “ Your Reason-
 “ ing (replied RASAC) is right, Generosity
 “ abhors the Action, because you ought to have
 “ known their Value before you parted with
 “ them ; and for this Reason a Man of Sense,
 “ if he promise a Thing, will, by no Means,
 “ dispense with himself the fulfilling that Pro-
 “ mise, no ! not upon *any* Account whatso-
 “ ever, because Thought always ought to pre-
 “ cede Action. He, who fails in his Word,
 “ fails in the Regard due to himself ; nor
 “ is it, at any Rate, excusable, except the
 “ Engagement should appear to be criminal.”

“ Fine Morality, Faith ! (says the young
 “ Captain) but, for my Part, I think it a lit-
 “ tle too heroical ; if it was my Case, I should
 “ make no Scruple of recovering my Money
 “ and Presents ; I should look upon it I had as
 “ much Right to take them, wherever I could
 “ find them, as if I had been robb’d of them ;
 “ if I gave them to a Woman that was to be
 “ retain’d, it should be conditionally that she
 “ remain’d true to me, at least as long as I be-

“ liev’d she did. If she receded from this, the
“ Contract should be null, and the Obligation
“ no longer of Force ; I should look upon her
“ as the Parliament of *England* do upon their
“ King, he is their Master while he protects,
“ and don’t infringe, their Immunities ; I am
“ her Subject so long as she continues faithful
“ to the Laws of Love.”

The Comparison made me laugh, and, tho’ I was something vex’d at having been such a Blockhead, the Light, in which the Officer seem’d to hold my refusing to endeavour recovering my Presents, diverted me.

RASAC was well satisfy’d to find there needed no farther Arguments to dissuade me from visiting MARISCHAL. The Marquis having conquer’d the Virulence of his Disorder, we embark’d, not many Days after, for *Genoa*.

The Wind was pretty favourable, and in forty-eight Hours we found ourselves near the high Land of *Antibes* ; but, the Weather changing to dark and misty, we put into the Port of *Gourjean* for a couple of Days, which is about two Leagues from *Lane*. When the Wind, veering again in our Favour, and the Clouds flying off, we made *Genoa* in one Day.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

They arrive at Genoa. The melancholy Story of young Count ANTONIO D'AUVERGNI, and SERAPHINA.

THE next Day, after my Arrival here, I deliver'd, to the Senator QUAGLIA, Letters of Recommendation, which had been given me at *Paris* by the Envoy of the Republic. He receiv'd me with great Friendship and Politeness, desir'd I would command him without Ceremony, and nothing would please him better than convincing me of his Readiness to serve me.

The Marquis DE MONTORIO introduc'd me to a Number of Acquaintance, and there were few People of Distinction here of whom I had not some slight Knowledge in a Fortnight.

An Accident happen'd during our Stay here, which is well worth relating, though the Circumstances were very melancholy. The young

COUNT ANTONIO D'AUVERGNI, Son to a principal Senator, fell in Love with SERAPHINA, a Girl in the Suburbs, who was only a Fisherman's Daughter. The first Time he saw her, was one Evening as he took a Walk out of the Town, and his Heart felt immediately the Power of her Charms.

He found out her Name, Residence, and Birth, they were no Palliatives to his Passion, for he could not live without her, and all his Study was to inspire her with an equal Warmth. He retain'd Spies who watch'd every Step that she took, who enabled him often to meet and converse with her on indifferent Things, shewing her a thousand little Civilities, which she at first attributed to the Effect of Chance, but a constant Repetition of them open'd her Eyes, and she found that the young Nobleman lov'd her.

✓ She knew so well the very great Distance which Heaven had plac'd them at, that she trembled at its Progress, and resolv'd, as her Honour depended on it, to stifle the Passion in its Birth, whose Consequences might be fatally unfortunate. She return'd all his Politeness
with

with extreme Coldness, and carefully shun'd every Place wherein she imagin'd he was to be met.

His Passion grew daily more violent, and her avoiding overwhelm'd him with the most heavy Melancholy; being unable longer to bear it, he resolv'd, the first Opportunity that offer'd, to declare his Passion, and waited for one with the greatest Impatience.

In the mean Time SERAPHINA was so very circumspect, that the amorous Count had no other Consolation but that of seeing her in the Street, wherein she seem'd not to observe him, and declin'd giving him the smallest Room to speak to her. This set him on seeking new Ways to facilitate the Accomplishment of his Designs, for which Purpose he made an Acquaintance with a Shoemaker's Wife in the Neighbourhood, promising to make her Fortune, provided she would sometimes procure him an Interview with her. She promis'd faithfully she would, and the Dependance she had on the Count's great Generosity, who gave her ten Ducats as a Specimen of it, influenc'd her so

greatly, that she was encourag'd to undertake any thing.

The Commission she had undertaken was a delicate one. SERAPHINA's Sense, if possible, exceeded her Beauty, and, though born in a Degree of Life where no Sentiments were to be deriv'd from Education, Heaven had endow'd her with Virtue Proof against the strongest Temptation of Riches. However, the ingenious Confident manag'd Matters extremely well, she succeeded in her Project, and inform'd the Count at what Hour he might meet SERAPHINA in her House.

The anxious Lover hasten'd thither at the same Time, under the Pretext of giving some Directions to the Shoemaker, who being, as the Wife told him, absent only in the Neighbourhood, was expected in every Instant, and intreated him to rest himself. The Count, accepting the Invitation, went into the little Parlour, the Confident following as if quite innocent of any thing that was to happen.

SERAPHINA blush'd the Moment of his Entry, while the Confusion and Satisfaction of the
Count

Count prevented his speaking ; but, knowing these Moments were too precious to be wasted, he made an Effort to begin, and, after some indifferent Discourse, of which the Shoemaker's Wife was Witness, the good Woman made some Excuse to go into the Shop, when the Marquis, approaching his Mistress, trembling, said, “ Charming SERAPHINA, you cannot be
 “ ignorant that I love you, nay, I find it will
 “ be impossible for me to live without you ; you
 “ cannot be ignorant of it, I know you cannot ;
 “ yet my Inclination to serve you has been paid
 “ with redoubled Indifference, and you have
 “ endeavour'd every where to shun and deprive
 “ me of the little, the only Pleasure I enjoy, in
 “ seeing you.

“ All that Honour and Duty require of me
 “ (answer'd SERAPHINA, having better'd her
 “ Surprise) must be comply'd with. Let me
 “ intreat you to stifle a Passion in its Birth,
 “ which you can never hope to gratify, since
 “ not the World's Wealth should tempt me to
 “ disparage my Virtue, and you will oblige me
 “ in forgetting me. Consider how disproportionably we are settled in Life ! I am the
 “ Child of a poor industrious Fisherman, *you*
 “ are

“ are the Son of a wealthy and noble Senator !
“ What Connections can there be between us
“ wherein my Reputation will not be ble-
“ mish’d ? Cease then a Pursuit, my Lord,
“ which can only be term’d Abuse.”

“ You accuse me wrongfully, charming
“ Girl (replied he) if you think I dar’d to en-
“ courage a Thought that might injure you.
“ My Love for you is great, so is my Esteem ;
“ I will leave nothing, that you require, un-
“ done, to convince you of it, and it is in vain
“ that Fate has set us at such a Distance, for it
“ shall not divide us ; Wealth, Honour, Dig-
“ nity, and Grandeur, I would sacrifice to my
“ Passion for you, nor shall they prevent our
“ Union.

“ I assure you, that, if you accept my Affec-
“ tions, my Hand shall be your Recompence.”
“ Will you not be sorry (answer’d she) for
“ having made so unequal a Match ? And
“ don’t you imagine, that, when Enjoyment
“ takes the Bandage from your Eyes, you will
“ repent loving ; I shall be myself miserable,
“ unless we mutually endeavour to conquer a
“ Passion which cannot but be prejudicial to us
“ both.”

“ Fear

“ Fear not (said the Count) that you will
“ ever be banish’d from my Heart, where your
“ Image is grav’d beyond Erasure. It is now
“ three Months since I first saw you, and my
“ Love has increas’d gradually with the Time.
“ Your Indifference and Disdain have added
“ fresh Fuel to it, so that, in depriving me of
“ Hope, you devote me to the Arms of Death ;
“ therefore I conjure you, by all that’s dear to
“ you, pity my Situation. Why should you
“ fear the Distance and Disproportion of Birth ?
“ Since, for you, I am ready to o’erleap all
“ Bounds.” Here our Conversation was interrupted by the Return of the Shoemaker’s Wife, who very justly fear’d that her longer Delay might give SERAPHINA some Room to suspect ; the Shoemaker was suppos’d not to have return’d, and the Count went off much more in Love than before.

“ Prithee (says this Woman to SERAPHINA,
“ after the Count was gone) what has been the
“ Subject of your Discourse ? Whence this
“ Melancholy ? I am sure I know but very
“ little of the young Gentleman who just now
“ went out, if it is in his *Power* to say any thing
“ that

“ that could be disagreeable to you.” SERAPHINA, who look’d upon this Woman as her Bosom-Friend, could conceal no Part of her Vexation from her in ~~her~~ present Agitation, but related the whole Conversation that she had with the Count. “ And so (says the good Woman) you won’t accept his Offers, won’t you? It is the Price of your Beauty, Child, and why should you lose your Prospect of a fine Fortune through a ridiculous Fear? You are not the first honest Tradesman’s Daughter that has been married to a Man of Quality, and I don’t doubt but you merit so happy a Situation in Life as well as the best. Take my Advice, be cautious, don’t reject the Offer.”

These Words, pronounc’d with seeming Sincerity by a Friend, join’d to some secret Emotions which the amiable Figure of ANTONIO had produc’d in her Heart, were the first Sparks that lighted her Flame. She could not resist the Idea of that Grandeur she should enjoy wedded to one of the first Lords of the Republic, the Opposition of whose Father and Family, she persuaded herself, were Difficulties not insurmountable.

It

It was in this Hope that she consented to meet the Count again in the same Place, News that was carried to him very eagerly, for which not Words, but a *splendid* Recompence, spoke his Thanks; and so great was the Esteem which grew upon him from their frequent Conversation, that he was soon determin'd to fulfil the Promise, which he had been actuated to make by Love. SERAPHINA, far from being insensible to such generous Sentiments, repaid his Attachment with the sincerest Affection possible.

The Count, unable longer to defer a Union on which depended his Felicity, having taken proper Precautions to conceal it from the Knowledge of his Family and the Republic, and secur'd a Priest by a good Bribe, was join'd to his Mistress in Wedlock. His Lot seem'd now more happy than if he had married a Woman with a very large Fortune, to which he reckon'd the Virtues of his Wife adequate.

Content in the Possession of so inestimable a Jewel, he had no Inquietude but that of keeping the Secret from his Father. For eighteen Months he enjoy'd a perfect Tranquillity, visit-
ing

ing his dear Mistress every Day, and still believing the last was the first. Neither Possession, nor the Liberties of Marriage, had diminish'd his Tenderneſs, nor had the Right of the Husband worn off the Edge of the Lover. But an ugly Reverse of Fortune happen'd at a Time when they almost imagin'd they had nothing to fear.

They had heretofore propos'd to him several advantageous Matches, all which he had been cunning enough to find Pretexts for refusing, till one Day his Father mention'd to him, and that very seriously, a Woman of a very large Fortune and illustrious Family, with whom he could match him, and press'd him not to neglect an Opportunity of settling, which, if not accepted, was not to be hop'd for again.

The Count answer'd, he was too young to think of the Plagues of House-keeping; besides, he could not possibly confine himself to one Woman's Humours, nor would he espouse any one till he was certain he could like her. His Father strove in vain to conquer this Testineſs; he represented the essential Necessity of it to the Good of his Family, and the Cruelty of an only
Son's

Son's refusing the Consolation of letting him see him settled before his Death.

The Constancy with which ANTONIO resisted the tender Persuasions of his Father, gave Room to suspect him otherwise attach'd than what was known, since no other Reason could be given to his Aversion for Matrimony.

Of this he determin'd to be satisfied, and commission'd several People to watch all his Haunts. It is to be observ'd, that, when the Count had married SERAPHINA, he had taken her Father from the Business of the Fishery, and appointed him Apartments in a little House which he had taken for *her*, in a remote Part of the Town, where he spent all the Time that he could spare from his Father, to whom he gave no more of it than what Reason and his own Welfare demanded. Those, who were employ'd as Spies upon his Conduct, soon found with what Assiduity he attended this House; and, having been inform'd, upon Enquiry, that it was inhabited by the Daughter of a poor Fisherman, who had liv'd there above a Year, they carried an exact Account of their Discovery to the Count.

The

The old Gentleman no longer doubted of his Son's being in Love, and, after having had him dodg'd several Times, to fix the Certainty beyond a Doubt, he determin'd to carry off the Object of his Passion by Force, and lodge her in a Convent so very privately, that she should not know from what Quarter the Blow came, not doubting but he would easily *forget her* when depriv'd of a Possibility of corresponding with her.

Measures were taken with infinite Precaution for Fear of a Discovery, and this unhappy Woman, walking with her Father in the Cool of the Evening, near the Sea-Side without the Town, was suddenly seiz'd upon, musled up, and carried off by four Men on Horseback, who, setting Spurs to their Horses, made up the Country as quick as Lightning.

It was in vain for the poor Father to cry out for Assistance, there were no Persons near at Hand to oppose the Violence, and he had no Remedy but Tears. In the first Workings of his Grief he would have flung himself into the
Sea;

Sea, if the Hopes of the Count's protecting and recovering her, had not prevented him.



CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

*The Story of the young Count D'AUVERGNI and
SERAPHINA continu'd and ended.*

DON ANTONIO's Madness, on receiving this News, was inconceivable; a thousand Imprecations did he vent on the Villains who contriv'd it. He sometimes suppos'd it to be a conceal'd *Rival*, for he was certain she was not in the least privy to it, and he never suspected that his Family had discover'd his Attachment.

Search was every where made, but in vain, she was not to be found. His Grief was inexpressible, and his Despair, for the Loss of her, reduc'd him to the last Extremity. His Father, who felt for his Situation, dreaded the Effects of a Passion so very violent, that it seem'd almost impossible to be extinguish'd; his Vexation threw him into a violent Fever, and he was in the most imminent Danger of Death, when an
old

old Servant, who attended him from his Youth, throwing himself one Morning at his Feet, spoke his great Sorrow for the Condition in which he saw him, and assur'd him, unless he assisted to retrieve him from it as much as in his Power, he imagin'd he deserv'd infinite Reproach. Sir, (says he) I am not at all ignorant of what occasions your Malady, I know you have lost a Mistress, and, if you imagine *that* will cure you, perhaps I can put you in a Way of finding her.

How, replied the Count, canst thou, DOMINIC, inform me of my SERAPHINA? Oh! teach me then, for Heaven's Sake, where she is to be found; if it's true that you have lov'd me from my tender Infancy, bless me with the Restoration of a Jewel more precious than Life; restore me to the lovely Girl, who is a hundred Times dearer to me than myself. Alas! Sir (says DOMINIC) I can't pretend to give you direct Information where she is, that Knowledge lies in the Breast of your Father, who caus'd her to be carried off. I assisted in this Affair as a Servant, and there were three others engag'd along with me; we carried her about two Leagues off, where we deliver'd her to the Care of four other Persons, who said *they* were to conduct her to a Monastery of *Ursulines*. This

This threw the Count into a prodigious Consternation, of which the Effects would have been very fatal, had not his Father been the Cause; but, in this Case, he only had Recourse to Sighs and Tears. It being impossible for him to quit his Bed, as he was very weak, he sent to entreat his Father to come to him, and, the Moment he enter'd his Chamber, the Count cried out, while his Eyes swam with Grief, dear Sir, raise me from my Misery, restore to me her without whom I cannot live, and, as you gave me Being, make not that Being hateful. There is nothing in the World can compensate for the Loss of my SERAPHINA, she only can confer Happiness, and 'tis her that I ask at your Hands. Dear Father, if you can be sensible of the Sufferings of a Son, and that my Health can give you Pleasure, restore her to my Arms.

I would willingly (avow'd he) give you this Mark of my Friendship, but I have one to demand of you in Return. There is no very great Fidelity requisite to the Daughter of a Fisherman, the Price of *her* Liberty is *your* marrying, and then you may do what you will with her,
Ha!

Ha ! cried the Count, then, Misfortune, thou art eternal, and Death's my only Refuge. Haste, haste, thou grim Tyrant ! to deliver me from this bad World, why do you delay ? You strive to shun me in vain ; Despair shall be my Guide to thy Realms, where, only, Peace is to be found. Here his Pangs conquer'd, his Strength fail'd him, his Voice died away, and he fainted, while his Father, frighten'd out of his Wits, alarm'd all the House, and sought every where for Assistance. It was with much Difficulty he was brought back to Life. " Leave me (says he, faintly) to my Woes, which your Solitude encreases." His Father, deeply struck with what he saw, embrac'd him warmly, and promis'd to restore him to his SERAPHINA. " It must be soon then (replies he) for, till I see her, I shall take no Kind of Nourishment, and on this I am resolv'd." However, he was dissuaded from his Resolution, and accepted some little Refreshment at their Hands.

The next Evening he receiv'd Advice that SERAPHINA was at Liberty, and in her own House ; he kiss'd the Letter that brought the News a hundred Times over, and sent a faithful Domestic to enquire ; who, on his Return,

G

assur'd

assur'd him of the Truth of it. Love gave him new Strength, and, in a couple of Days, he was able to visit the Woman on whom his Happiness depended. He caught her in his Arms the Moment he beheld her, and they remain'd, for some Time, in a mutual silent Embrace, bedewing each other with Tears of Joy. “ Do
“ I once more see you, my dear SERAPHINA,
“ (said the Count) and do I live to tell you I
“ have been the innocent Cause of your Suffer-
“ ings? Heaven only knows how much the
“ Uncertainty of your Fate afflicted me, and
“ how much I sustain'd in being so cruelly torn
“ from you.”

“ Forget the past (answer'd she) and let us
“ turn our Eyes upon the Evils which *now*
“ threaten. Your Father told me, that, un-
“ less I banish you my Presence for ever, I must
“ expect the worst Fate; nay, he would have
“ me find a Pretext of breaking with you.

How dreadful is my Situation?” “ It is less to
“ be lamented than you imagine (replied the
“ Count) you are in a free Town where Vio-
“ lence is forbid to all the World. Keep
“ within the Walls of *Genoa*, be at Home al-
“ ways before Dark, avoid walking into the
“ Country,

“ Country, and you shall defy his Menaces.
 “ Were he not my Father, you have a Right
 “ to, and should, commence a Process against
 “ him, which, in Spite of his Credit, he should
 “ find it hard to contend with. But be content,
 “ my Love, since Heaven has kindly given you
 “ back to me, I’ll take such Measures as shall
 “ prevent your being ever torn from me again.”

This Discourse restor’d SERAPHINA to her usual Peace of Mind. She then inform’d him, that they had lodg’d her in a Monastery, where great Care was taken to prevent her speaking to any Body, or from sending any News.

How many Evils had you spar’d me (cried he) could I have known the Place of your Retreat? How low was I brought by the Loss of you! yet, believe me, I prize, and shall always revere, the Malady that oppress’d me, since to that I owe the Happiness of again beholding you.

For three Months they liv’d together with undisturb’d Tranquillity, their Happiness seem’d settled beyond the Reach of Fate, when the Cruelty of the Father caus’d a *sad* Alteration, and produc’d a most melancholy Catastrophe.

It was with Vexation and Impatience that he saw his Son go constantly to visit SERAPHINA, and he trembled lest so ardent a Passion should terminate in Matrimony. Hence he often repented of having set her at Liberty, and, not being able to divide them any other Way, he determin'd to poison her, and soon put his barbarous Design in Execution.

SERAPHINA and her Father found themselves violently attack'd by a Cholic, which tore their very Entrails, their Skins were cover'd over with great black Blotches, and the Prescriptions of the most skilful Physicians, who affirm'd they were poison'd, were administer'd in vain. The *Father* of SERAPHINA died after an Hour's Illness, and the Daughter liv'd only to breathe her last in the Bosom of the Count. How indescribable are the Passions which agitated his Soul at this piteous Sight; Despair, Rage, Anguish, Vengeance, and Pity, predominated in successive Moments. And must I lose you (cried he)? Must *my* Love have hasten'd your Death? For whom is the Thunder of Heaven reserv'd? Why does not the God of Vengeance strike dead a wretched *Couple*? Be comforted (says
SERAPHINA)



SERAPHINA) I beseech you, for Heaven has been kind in allowing me to expire in your Arms, and I die contented in so lov'd an Embrace. You shall not die alone (replied the enrag'd Lover) *I will* not; why should I say *I will* not? for indeed I *cannot*, survive you; we have sympathiz'd in Happiness and Misfortunes, let us unite in Death. I command you (says SERAPHINA) by the Love you bear me, and by every Thing that's dear to you, to live. She spoke these Words with a faltering Accent, and the Destinies put a Period to her Life.

The Count appear'd insensible to the Blow, the Tear no longer started from his Eye, his Voice was firm, and his Countenance settled. He order'd a Domestic (and this in a Manner quite collected) to bring him his Wife's Writing-Desk; being obey'd, he sat down, wrote a Letter to his Father, couch'd in Terms extremely affecting, wherein he acquainted him of her being his Wife, and reproach'd him for having been the Cause of her Death. Then finding different Errands for two Servants who attended on him, he sent them out of the Chamber, and approach'd his deceas'd Wife with

his Sword drawn, which having plung'd in his Heart, he fell dead upon her Body.

A Servant, who enter'd soon after, and saw this melancholy Sight, summon'd Assistance, but 'twas too late, Life was fled from the Mansion, and the poor Count was no more. The Letter and News of this dreadful Scene were soon borne to his Father. When this proud Senator had learn'd in what Manner Heaven punish'd his Perfidy, he would have reveng'd the Lovers by laying violent Hands upon himself, but he was sav'd from his own Fury, while the Family took all possible Precautions to prevent the Story from spreading. It could not be suppress'd, every Circumstance of it was publish'd to the World, notwithstanding all their Care, and the best they could do was to prevent the Enquiry of Justice.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Political Reflections on the State of Genoa. BEAUVAIL sets out for Rome, takes a Liking to PULCHERIA, and meets Encouragement. They correspond, and he resolves to go off with her, but is prevented, and oblig'd to quit Rome for Fear of a Prosecution. Arrives at Naples, as does also Cardinal COSCIA.

THE Indignation with which this Story fill'd me, gave me a violent Antipathy to the *Genoese*; I could not bear to think that any State should give Countenance to so base a Chastisement, so horrible a Crime as that of poisoning. I communicated my Thoughts to the Marquis of MONTORIO. You know very little (said he) of the Politics which prevail among the great Men of this Republic to talk thus, they are oblig'd to be strictly united amongst one another, and to tolerate each others Crimes for their mutual Support.

The principal Nobles are so many Tyrants, who owe their Authority to their Care in suppressing their Enemies, or those who act contrary to their Interest. The People, indeed, call themselves free, but, instead of one King, they are saddled with thirty, who are always seeking to enrich themselves at any Rate. And the Republic of *Genoa* is not unlike *Athens*, when under the Dominion of the thirty Tyrants.

The Noble *Genoese* may be defin'd an Oppressor of the People, a Blockhead in Science, a Coward in War, and a Compound of Vice, Folly, and Arrogance, who is oblig'd to wink at the Crimes of his Colleagues, that *he* may transgress with Impunity.

You certainly don't flatter the Senate in your Elogium (said I to the Marquis) and I believe they'll hardly register your Character of them in the Annals of the Republic. Should you remain long here (replies he) you'll allow the Truth of what I say; you will find the Nobles to be still more contemptible for the servile Fear in which they stand of the *Empire* and of *France*. The first they love, the latter they hate

hate mortally; nevertheless they are daily oblig'd to cringe, and kiss the Hand that chastises them. They might avoid this evident Servility were it not for a ridiculous Vanity, which prevents them from a just Mode of thinking. From Time to Time they take the most despicable Steps, from which, in the End, they are oblig'd to recede, cover'd with Shame, and submit to Punishment.

They have lost *Corfica* by their Arrogance and Tyranny; and they have been many Years always shamefully defeated by a miserable undisciplin'd Rabble, without Arms, Cloaths, or Ammunition.

A Regiment of *Genoese* passing Review is the pleasanter Sight in the World; you would imagine them the Refuse of all the Taylors in *Europe*. I began already to perceive this Character of the Republic was not unjust, and, in the End, was fully convinc'd of it. The rest of my Time, while I staid here, was employ'd in visiting their Palaces and Churches; when the Marquis pressing me to go to *Rome*, we embark'd on board a Felucca for *Civita Vecchia*,

G 5

where



where we landed, and proceeded on our Journey to the (once) Capital of the World.

Here my first Month was taken up with the innumerable Curiosities that are to be seen; my Time was entirely engross'd in examining the Ornaments, antient and modern, of this illustrious City; but, alas! six Weeks were hardly over, before I was as deeply involv'd as I had been at *Madrid*.

The opposite House to that where I lodg'd belong'd to an Attorney, who had a Daughter nam'd PULCHERIA; I saw her often at the Window with infinite Pleasure, she had fine Eyes, a charming Mouth, and her Deportment was grand; I began to find a secret Satisfaction in looking at her, and at length brought myself to attend, regularly every Day, her Hour of Appearance. I then learn'd to follow her to Church, and to the public Walks, but could not gain an Opportunity of speaking to her. I was oblig'd to be cautious how I approach'd an *Italian* Lady, and, whatsoever Genius I might have to Intrigue, I hardly knew how to communicate my Sentiments to PULCHERIA.

However,

However, I made a Shift to do it by Signs, and she, in the same dumb Eloquence, inform'd me that I was not indifferent to her.

I was weary of this Manner of Correspondence, and, in Spite of the Obstacle, that impeded my Happiness, arising either from the Customs of the Country, or the Constraint under which Women in general are laid, I determin'd, at any Rate, to come to a more open Explanation. For two Months our Eyes had been the only Interpreters of our Passion, when I ventur'd to write the following Letter in *Italian*, a Language in which I began to have tolerable Knowledge.



To PULCHERIA.

“ **T**HE first Moment in which I beheld
 “ you, lovely PULCHERIA, my Heart
 “ became a Slave to your Beauty, and Melan-
 “ choly has ever since been the Companion of
 “ my Life. My Love is excessive, yet I know
 “ not but it may be answer’d with Indifference.
 “ Let me, by some Means or other, personally
 “ assure you of my Passion, and refuse not a
 “ Favour on which no less than Happiness,
 “ nay, Life, depends to yours, &c.

I resolv’d to deliver this Letter myself, and, for that Purpose, watch’d her to Church, where I planted myself on my Knees pretty near her, and, her Mother kneeling before her (consequently not able to perceive what I was about) I cunningly shew’d her my Letter, and slipp’d it into her Prayer-Book, which she dropp’d for that Purpose, and I had the Honour of returning it to her. The Day following an old Woman enquir’d for me at Home, and deliver’d me the following Answer.

To the Count DU BEAUVAIL.

“ I Have seen your Letter, and must confess, that, if you love so well as that expresses, I find it impossible to be displeas’d.
 “ I ought not to own my Sentiments so very freely, for my Mother says I ought always to avoid any Correspondence with your Sex.
 “ But, in Spite of this Injunction, I feel a secret Satisfaction at thinking you love me, and
 “ am sure you are far from being disagreeable to me.

“ My Nurse, who loves me very well, has undertaken to deliver you my Letter. I cried the best Part of last Night because I did not know how to send it to you. She was touch’d at my Grief, and so promis’d to serve me as you see. Try if you can settle with her some Way for us to talk together. For my Part, I have thought to no Purpose, I can’t hit on any. I never go abroad without my Mother, who does not quit me a Moment. However, continue always to love me notwithstanding, and don’t let these Crosses make you forget me. I’ll do my best to content you.

PULCHERIA.

This

This Letter, which spoke strongly PULCHERIA's Innocence and Sincerity, charm'd me. Here, said I to myself, I need not fear the Snares of a Coquet. If Love has again laid hold of my Heart, he won't hurt me by my Mistress's Perfidy.

I rewarded the Woman who brought me the Letter very generously, and, after having deliver'd her an Answer, I then entreated her, to find out some Way for me to speak to PULCHERIA. Sir (answer'd she) you can have no Opportunity of addressing her, except under her Window at Night; there you will have the Pleasure of talking together though you can't be in the Room. I was to a Minute at the Place of Appointment, where I cough'd three Times, being the Signal of my Presence, and it brought her to the Window.

Is it you? (says she to me). Yes, my Angel; (replied I) 'tis he who thinks himself the happiest Man in the World in having this Opportunity of assuring you, that you have inspir'd him with Love. What Pains have I suffer'd! What Solicitudes have I undergone! since I first had the Happiness of seeing you; but a Liberty

berty of personally communicating my Sentiments, recompenses them an hundred fold, and my Felicity exceeds my Hopes.

And will you *ever* think so (answer'd PULCHERIA). They say all Men are Deceivers, but those of your Nation are remarkably perfidious, and greater Traytors than any other. If it's true you intend to betray me, I pray you tell me of it, because I am sensible that it will be much less difficult to wain myself from the Sight of you at present, than when Custom hath made it a more particular Pleasure. I swore to her a thousand Times that I would rather die than prove unfaithful, that I had a Heart fraught with the sincerest Love, and incapable of Perfidy. If what you tell me be true (says she) I shall be as happy as you say you are fortunate; and indeed you shall never have Reason to repent having lov'd me.

These delicious Conferences were repeated every Night in the same Place for three Months together, and we corresponded twice a-Day, the Nurse being our Messenger. Our Passion grew under Restraint, and she never went to Church, or to walk, but I met her; then indeed we
could

could only correspond by Signs, but even in that there was Pleasure. I propos'd to run away with my Mistress, and espouse her in the first Town we should arrive at. She consented to commit herself to my Care, after some Difficulty, and the little Fear she entertain'd of my Inconstancy, was soon overcome by my Protections, which were very sincere.

I took three Days to settle my Affairs, and get every Thing in Order. My Valet de Chambre was the only Person I entrusted with my Project, which I charg'd him by no Means to reveal to RASAC. He promis'd fairly indeed fully to execute my Orders, but, instead of keeping his Word, secretly acquainted the Chevalier of my Intention, who fretted at the Danger to which I was going to expose myself, dreamt of nothing but seeing my Head upon the Block, which would have certainly been the Case, had I been caught in my Flight with her. He order'd my Domestic implicitly to obey all my Commands, and to avoid giving me the least Suspicion of the Discovery he had made. His next Step was to acquaint PULCHERIA's Family of the Danger which threaten'd her.

He

He manag'd Matters so very discreetly, as to convince the Father, that the Honour of his Family had not been violated. In two Hours after my Mistress was remov'd to a Convent, under the Care of one of her Aunts; the Nurse was turn'd away, and, to disconcert any future Proceeding at once, RASAC and the Father agreed to send a Man to summon me to Justice as a Ravisher.

This Turn of Affairs, Part of which I learn'd first from the discarded Nurse, gave me prodigious Concern. Not knowing the Part RASAC had acted in this, I applied to him in my Embarrassment, and related the whole Story without any Reserve.

You have embark'd (said he, with a great Air of Surprize) in a very dangerous Affair, and must fly as fast as you can, you have no other Way of being secure. I delay'd not to follow his Advice, and set out the next Post for *Naples*, together with the Marquis DE MONTORIO, who had been let into the Secret privately.

Here

Here I breath'd a Prey to the most violent Grief. The Image of PULCHERIA was always present to my Mind, her Character of Simplicity had made a stronger Impression on my Heart than all the affected Tricks of the many Coquets that I had formerly lov'd. But, in the End, Absence from the Object had wean'd *her*, as it had before done *others*, from my Thoughts; and, in two Months, I was so well cur'd as to hear, without being mov'd, the Part my Friend had taken in dividing me from her.

“ Will you (says he to me one Day when we
“ were by ourselves) be always the Dupe of
“ Passion? Do you resolve never to get clear
“ of one Folly without plunging into another?
“ How does it happen, that, after the many
“ Dangers you have escap'd, you cannot avoid
“ new Occasions of manifesting your Weak-
“ nefs? Do you see to what you would have
“ expos'd yourself, provided you had been seiz'd
“ in your intended Flight with PULCHERIA?
“ Strange! that, in the Midst of Enemies, and
“ in their own Country, where they claim all
“ the common Rights of Citizens, you can make
“ no Choice, but that of marrying a Girl
“ whose

“ whose Birth would be a Dishonour to yours ?
 “ or of losing your Head on a Scaffold.

“ It is true that Love leads us into a thousand
 “ little Irregularities, which, when coolly con-
 “ sider’d, must appear not always conformable
 “ to honourable Sentiments. Examine strictly
 “ what I say, and you’ll find I am not wrong in
 “ maintaining, that there is no Man of Intrigue
 “ who would not confess, if oblig’d to give an
 “ Account of his Actions, that he would have
 “ left many of them undone, had he consulted
 “ the Laws of Honour. Do you think, for
 “ Example, that it is either laudable or virtuous
 “ to carry off the only Daughter of an honest
 “ Man, and dishonour his Family ? You put
 “ the Robber to Death who steals from you a
 “ Trifle ; you treat him with the greatest Ig-
 “ nominy. Is the Loss of a Child *less* sensibly
 “ to be felt than that of a little Money ? And
 “ don’t you think the Dishonour reflected upon
 “ the Family augments the Crime ?

“ You deceive yourself indeed, if you think
 “ differently ; nay, I am sure you are of my
 “ Mind entirely, in Spite of any Excuse you
 “ would

“ would make. Don’t imagine you are to be
 “ justified by pleading the Violence of your
 “ Passion. The Desire you had of possessing
 “ your Mistress, whose Charms, in Spite of
 “ yourself, intic’d you. The Robber can urge
 “ as much in his Defence; he loves Riches,
 “ he is tempted by a violent Desire of acquir-
 “ ing them, a Passion as strong with him, as
 “ that for your Mistress is with you.”

These Remonstrances would have anger’d me from any Body but RASAC. However, I receiv’d all his Lessons with Moderation; and, that Friendship we had mutually for each other, made me hearken, with Docility, to every Thing he said.

The Time for our being at *Venice* approach’d, we intended to set out in about fifteen Days, and now we employ’d ourselves in a Review of the many Beauties with which *Naples* abounds, when the Arrival of Cardinal COSCIA caus’d a great Bustle. I had heard much of him while I was at *Rome*, but Love, at that Time, entirely engrossing my Attention, hinder’d me from being exactly Master of his Adventures,
 of

of which a young *Neapolitan* Gentleman, with whom I had some slight Acquaintance, made the following Detail.



CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Some Account of Cardinal COSCIA. His Conjunction with FINI. Their Influence over Pope BENEDICT XIII. A Quarrel between the Cardinals COSCIA and CAMERLINGUA about a Woman. The rigorous Proceedings against the former, who shelters himself in Naples.

DURING the Popedom of BENEDICT XIII. the Cardinals COSCIA and FINI, govern'd the Ecclesiastical State. COSCIA had an infinite Power over the Mind of the Pope; he had been his Follower when the Pope was but a simple Prelate, and rose by Degrees as his Master was rais'd in Life. Since he became a Cardinal, he associated with FINI, another favourite of BENEDICT. In his Acts of Oppression he had sold Favours, Employments, Bishopricks, and Benefices; nothing has been secure from their Avarice.

The Pope, a very honest Man, but of a limited genius, was ignorant of the Male-Administration;

nistration; nor did any Body dare to acquaint him with it, since he would have imputed it to Jealousy and Hatred on Account of his particular Friendship for them; besides, it was not hard for them, who were superior to almost every Body in the State, and had his Holiness's Ear, to persuade him that they meant to deceive him in order to ruin them.

During his Pontificate they enjoy'd perfect Tranquility; but CLEMENT XII. succeeding after his Death, by the Intrigues of the Cardinals CAMERLINGUA, BANCHIERI, and IMPERIALI, sworn Enemies to COSCIA and FINI, the new Pope caus'd them to be arrested; the Cardinal CAMERLINGUA declaring himself principally an Enemy to COSCIA. Love is said to have been the Occasion of the Quarrel between the two Prelates; however, the real Cause of their Hatred is not known but to some few People, who are perfectly acquainted with private History.

The Truth is, the Cardinal CAMERLINGUA was in love with the Dutchess DE V---; COSCIA, being in the Zenith of his Prosperity, became his Rival; and as this Lady was bias'd
more

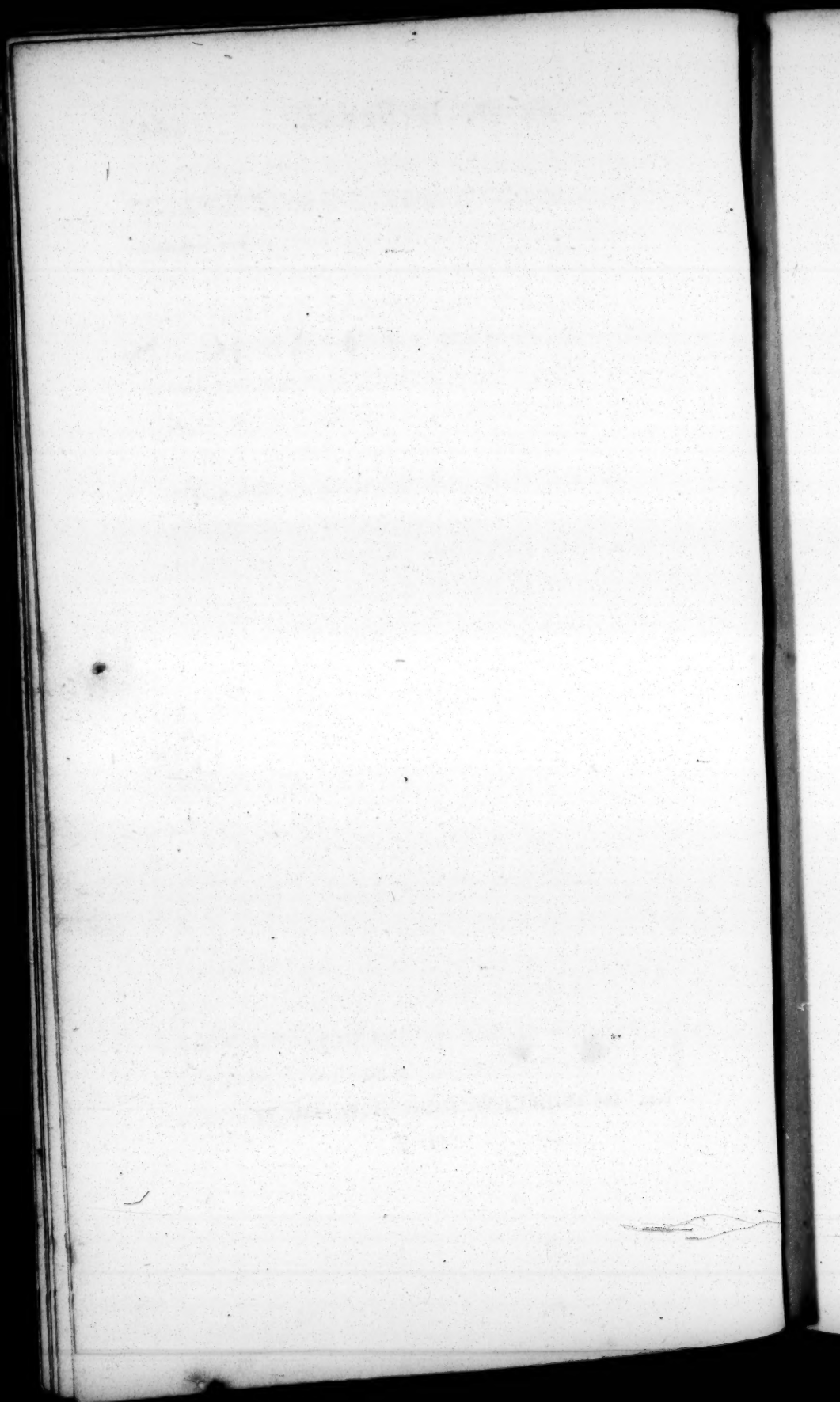
more by Ambition than by Tenderneſs, his Poſt ſecur'd him the Preference. CAMERLINGUA found no Opportunity of Revenge during the Life of BENEDICT, but, with the Installment of CLEMENT, he devis'd the Deſtruction of his Rival. He would more eaſily have forgiven him the ſecreting all the eccleſiaſtical Riches, than depriving him of the Heart of the Dutcheſs. He has had alſo Sufficiency of Power to hinder ſo favourable a Judgment being paſs'd upon COSCIA as upon FINI, though they were both accus'd of near the ſame Crime.

FINI was acquitted for a certain Sum, which he actually paid, and is now ſeen publicly in the Streets of *Rome*; yet COSCIA has been proſecuted with the utmoſt Rigour, and his Friends even Fear for his Life. While they were preparing his Proceſs, he made his Eſcape to *Naples*; and here the Emperor had granted him his Protection. His Enemy's Deſpair is the more increas'd by this Step, becauſe the Dutcheſs has made this City her Place of Reſidence, ever ſince the Death of BENEDICT XIII.

Though COSCIA's being ſo near her Grace might heighten his Rival's Diſpleaſure, it has prov'd

prov'd no Way unfortunate for him, as his Flight has made an Accommodation of his Affairs necessary.

This (said the NEAPOLITAN) is, I believe, a Solution of what you seem'd to demand of me; few People have heard so much of the Amours of the Dutcheß, as I have now told you; for these Lovers took the greatest Precaution to conceal their Intimacy from public Attention. You see no Situation in Life is defence against this Passion. COSCIA had been much happier had he been a Stranger to it; for it has been entirely the Occasion of those Party-Prosecutions which have been so vigorously carried on against him, under the specious Names of Zeal for the Church, and the Good of the State. Thus is the Name of public Good often a Pretence for promoting private Interest; and the Ill-Will of the People made a Tool for particular Vengeance.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Count DU BEAUVAl.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

BEAUVAl, and his Company, set out for Venice. He intrigues with a Banker's Wife. Remarks on the Government and Manners of the Venetians. They arrive at Constantinople. A Character of the TURKS. Some Account of Constantinople. A Conference with Count BONNEVAL. Some Reflections on his Conduct in Life.

THE Carnival approaching, we quitted Naples for Venice ; here it was impossible for me to remain without new Engagements,

H 2

(my

(my Heart was too easily moulded;) however, that in which I was now involved was not carried to such a Length as heretofore. The Variety of Pleasures I daily pass'd through, preserv'd me from suffering my natural Inclination to Love to predominate; and the Mistress that I had at *Venice*, was rather by Way of Amusement than Attachment.

I became acquainted at a Ball with a young Lady who danc'd very well; she was handsome, and well made; I had often seen her in Public, but never had an Opportunity of speaking to her before. I engag'd her to dance several Times, and between whiles entertain'd her with some little Gallantries, to which she reply'd very pleasingly, and with a good deal of Wit. I saw her the next Day at the Opera, and saluted her, which she return'd very politely; and I did not imagine my little Civilities appear'd in the least disagreeable to her.

She ask'd me, if I did not intend to be at the Ball, where I had seen her last, the ensuing Evening? I answer'd in the Affirmative, and took Care not to break my Word. It was easily seen by the Manner in which she receiv'd my

my Salute, that she felt some Pleasure in my keeping my Word. The Disposition in which she seem'd gave me additional Spirits, and encourag'd me to try my Fortune.

I had taken Care to inform myself of her Birth and Situation in Life, and found she was the Wife of a rich Banker, who was, if it be possible, more jealous than an *Italian* can be. This Part of his Character made me something more circumspect than I should otherwise have been; but it did not prevent my Assiduity in attending her during the whole Carnival. We did not confine our Love to Sighs, and dumb Shew, but made the best Use of every Opportunity we could lay hold of. In the Hurry of the Assembly, we found Means to retire a few Moments without being miss'd; my Gondola was the happy Retreat; and the Husband, notwithstanding his ARGUS' Eyes, had not the smallest Suspicion of the budding Honours I planted on his Brow.

The *Lent* put an End to this Intrigue. I lost Sight of my Mistress, and in a little Time we set out for *Corfou*, whence we intended to proceed to *Constantinople*, a City which RASAC,

MONTORIO, and myself, had a great Desire to see. My Friend congratulated me much for having preserv'd my Liberty so long as I had done at *Venice*. He knew of my Affair with the Banker's Wife, but only look'd upon it as a slight Piece of Gallantry, that could not have been very prejudicial either to my Health, or Pocket.

The *Venetians* (said RASAC) are certainly a very weak People to agree so badly as they do amongst themselves. During nine Months of the Year they are jealous to excess; the other three they seem to have entirely laid aside their Character and Oddity. It is now that their Wives enjoy a Fulness of Liberty, and they make the best Use of it, conscious of its Charms from that Constraint with which they before have been kept, and under which they must again labour at the End of the Carnival.

This Liberty is political (answer'd the Marquis) that Carnival that you condemn brings in considerable Sums to the Republic, each Particular is oblig'd then to sacrifice his Interest to that of the Public; and all Pleasures are let loose to attract Strangers, and bring in Money.

In

In this State every Thing is conducted according to the exactest Rules of Polity, and the most certain Calculations; nor is it in this single Point, that the *Venetians* manifest themselves to be Slaves, they are so in every Action of their Lives. If they are in any public Station, they cannot receive their best Friends, if foreign Subjects, without Permission from the Senate. They are subservient to a thousand precise impertinent Ceremonies; and their Lives are a Medley of Cares, Sollicitudes, and Constraint.

The common People of *Venice* are still less happy than those of *Genoa*; subject to as many Masters, equally as careful of enriching themselves; they are depriv'd of the poor Consolation accruing from Complaint; and the least Discourse of this Tendency, though utter'd in the midst of their Family, should it ever transpire, is certainly paid with Death. The Laws of this State are as contrary to the public Tranquility and Happiness, as those of *Holland*, and the *Swiss Cantons* are favourable, where Birth does not authorise Tyranny, and Folks are more upon an equal Footing, where Merit only bears the Prize, and the People are govern'd by Masters of their own electing, which they have a

Right to change if the Immunities of a Citizen are violated, or the Laws of the Country transgress'd.

We arriv'd at *Constantinople* in about three Weeks; where, as soon as I had a little settled my Affairs, I paid my Respects to the *English*, *French*, and *Venetian* Ambassadors, to all of whom I had recommendatory Letters, which I deliver'd. After which I visited some Merchants, upon whom I had Draughts for Money. Monsieur DE VILLENEUVE, Ambassador from the *French* Court, to whose Care I was strongly recommended, carried me with him several Times in his Train to the Audiences which he had of the Grand Vizir. RASAC and the Marquis were also of the Party, and we were Witnesses to, and, in some Measure, Participators of all the Ceremonies passing between them.

It was with some Kind of Astonishment that I view'd the Solidity and Deliberation of the *Turks*, which nothing is able to interrupt; I admir'd the decent Gravity accompanying all their Actions, and nothing set the ridiculous Levity of our Coxcombs in a stronger Light, than this Opposition. Through Monsieur DE

VILLE-

VILLENEUVE's Interest we were furnish'd with a Janizary, and an Interpreter, who shew'd us every Thing that was curious, and procur'd us a Sight of some very elegant Mosques; they are all built on the Model of St. SOPHIA, with some little Change in the Domes, and the Orders of the Pillars. We visited the *Amidan*, which was formerly called the *Hypodrome*, where is still to be seen an *Egyptian* Pyramid with Hieroglyphics, supported by a Marble Pedestal, upon which are engrav'd several Basso Relievos. There is another hewn out of great Blocks of Marble that has been much damag'd; and, at some Distance, two Serpents wreathing round each other, form a third Pillar, twelve or fifteen Feet high, whose Heads they pretend MAHOMET II. struck off with one Blow of his Club. Their Heads are certainly wanting.

We also took a View of the Remains of CONSTANTINE's Palace, the two Courts, and the outward Walls of the Seraglio, some Country-Houses of the Grand Signior, the Palace of *Porcelaine*, &c. Having remain'd here about six Weeks, and fully satisfied all our Curiosity, without one particular Adventure, we prepar'd to re-embark. When the Desire of seeing a

very great Man, whose Adventures have made some Noise in the World, and who was expected very soon at this Capital, urg'd us to make some longer Delay; this was the famous OSMAN PACHA, formerly call'd Count BONNEVAL.

Our Desires were soon gratified by his Arrival; he came to confer with the Grand Vizir, and stay'd about a Fortnight. We signified our Intention of paying our Respects to him if he chose to admit it, and were answer'd in the politest Terms, that the Visit would give him Pleasure. We laid hold of the Invitation, and were receiv'd very elegantly in the *French* Taste. He entertain'd us for two Hours together; we discours'd upon indifferent Things; he seem'd particularly inquisitive about the *French* Affairs, and we retir'd perfectly satisfy'd with our Reception.

It was not without an Astonishment, from which I did not immediately revive, that I consider'd a Man of Count BONNEVAL's Genius, Spirit, and good Sense, could not protect himself from falling into such a Mistake. I enquir'd of a good many *Frenchmen* the Occasion
of

of his having embrac'd the *Turkish* Religion, and could find none capable of giving me entire Satisfaction; they only told me, in general, that it was to revenge himself of the Emperor, and Prince EUGENE; yet I was not certain, that this was the entire Truth, and I plainly perceiv'd that other Incidents must have arisen, other Reasons concurr'd to fix him in this State of a Renegado.

At length, Monsieur MAGIS, a Merchant in *Constantinople*, who had been acquainted with the Count many Years, remov'd my Doubts, and gave me an exact Account of the Life and Misfortunes of this famous Nobleman.



CHAP. II.

A Character of Count BONNEVAL. An Account of his Birth, Family, and first Appearance in Life. He obtains a Regiment of Foot, which he loses. His Father's Death. The Advantage of his Intimacy with the Duke of ORLEANS. Intrigues with a Nun. The first Cause of his Disgust with the French Court. Goes to Rome, and enters the Imperial Service.

COUNT BONNEVAL has always manifested an intrepid Courage, and shewn himself a good Commander. I will not enter into a Scrutiny of his private Character, it is sufficient to know him, to become his Friend; you may observe, though he talks much, it is always to the Purpose, that he never goes Lengths which can either weary or disgust you; and, for my Part, I am inclin'd to believe that he deserves a better Report than what the World in general give him.

It

It is certain, that he is a Man of nice Honour, impatient of an Affront, or even the Appearance of one ; he has a good deal of Vanity, and affects Grandeur, but it is accompany'd with all the Taste and Elegance of a fine Gentleman. It is true he wears a Turban, and has been seen on his Knees in the Mosques ; yet these are no Proofs of his being in Reality a *Turk*, since it is reported, that he never underwent the Operation of being circumcis'd, but bought the Character of it from some Derivises, to whom had been committed the Care of his Conversion ; and his Acquaintances say, but indeed very privately, that he is neither a Convert to the Belief and Ceremonies of *Mahometanism*, nor was he ever attach'd to any particular Sect of Christianity.

But let his religious Principles be what they are, he is certainly honourable in his Dealings, bountiful in his Charities, and generous in his Gifts, as can be testify'd by many *Turks*, who have tasted of his Magnanimity, and a Number of Christians who owe to him Redemption from Slavery and Chains. He is easy of Access, and visited by most Strangers of any Consequence, as well as
such

such of the Christian Clergy as reside here ; nor does the Scandal of his suppos'd Apostacy, in the least, hinder their Approach ; however, his Table is a good one, and his Munificence extensive. This may be a very proper Excuse for those who too often conceal Impiety under the Mask of Religion, and cover Avarice with the Appearance of Charity.

Mistake me not ! when I speak thus of the Clergy, I do not mean all who are Preachers of the divine Word ; Heaven forbid I should pass so unjust, so severe a Censure ; but it must be allow'd, that to such a Height has Impiety arisen in this degenerate Age, as to give too much Room for such Reflection ; and daily Experience shews us, that Priests are no more Proof against Temptation, than any other Order of Mankind ; that they too sacrifice to Venality and Self-love the sacred Ordinances which they are appointed to explain ; and to this Corruption of the Guardians of the Church may be attributed that Neglect, I will not say Contempt, of Religion, which, assisted by a Desire of Revenge, has made Count BONNEVAL a Bashaw of three Tails, and Governor of *Arabia*.

He

He is descended from a very noble Family, nearly allied to the Blood-Royal of *France*, and, as an eldest Son, was formerly Master of very large Possessions. He was enroll'd among the *Musqueteers* when very young, and serv'd with some Spirit under Marshal LUXEMBOURG in *Flanders*, being present at the taking *Namur*; soon after which his Desires were gratify'd with a Troop of Horse; but not finding sufficient Opportunities of exerting himself in the Cavalry, he ask'd for a Regiment of Foot, obtaining it with Ease thro' the Friendship of the Marshal, who easily perceiv'd he promis'd to be a brave Soldier, and an Honour to the Service. No Man took greater Care in the Choice of his Men, whom, while he kept under the exactest Regulations, he us'd with such paternal Goodness, that there was no one amongst them but would have spilt their Heart's Blood in his Service.

He distinguish'd himself greatly upon several Parties, but his Patron dying, the Count's Fortune droop'd. And, on the Conclusion of a Peace in the Year 1696, notwithstanding very great Interest was made in his Behalf, his Regiment

giment was reduc'd, and he put on the Half-pay List; while the Impartial allow'd, that many, with but a Tithe of his Merit and Abilities, were kept in full Pay.

This Usage disgusted him considerably; but it did not cause him to retrench his Expences, the Sinews of which were much strengthen'd by the Decease of his Father about this Time, whereby he acquir'd a large Fortune. Like a true Soldier, he now gave himself up to Pleasure. Women were his principal Delight; but his Openness of Temper, and unguarded Conduct, made him liable to severer Censures than what he really merited.

His Character of Looseness and Irreligion hurted him at Court, where not the Sin, so much as the Scandal, was detested; yet he was always received there with great Respect, particularly by the Duke of ORLEANS, afterwards Regent of the Kingdom. He was re-establish'd in his Regiment on the breaking out of the War that ensu'd on the Death of the King of Spain, and serv'd under Marshal CATINAT, who was reliev'd by VILLEROY in *Italy*, where he was once or twice slightly wounded.

He

He took up his Winter-Quarters in a Town some Distance from *Cremona*, where, as he was generally lov'd by the Soldiery, he soon recruited his Regiment that had been roughly handled during the Campaign; nor is it to be suppos'd he was forgetful of the Pleasures of Love. A Nun made a deep Impression on his Heart, he found a Way of inspiring her with a mutual Passion, by visiting and addressing her at the Grate; she even consented to receive him privately in the Convent, provided he could find a Way into it; and the Danger of the Enterprize gave him fresh Incentives.

He was determin'd to go through with it; a Purse of Pistoles blinded the Keeper of the Garden Gate to a forceable Entry that he made through a Window of the Lodge, by loosening the Bars. They were as happy in their Meetings, which were often repeated, as Lovers could be; there never was any Discovery of the Intercourse, it was only interrupted by the Approach of Spring, which summon'd him to the Field, where the Remembrance of her was soon eclips'd by Glory, and his Thirst for martial Exploits.

He

He serv'd with great Reputation under the Duke DE VENDOME in *Italy*, and signaliz'd himself particularly at the Battle of *Luzara*, where, though Prince EUGENE was forc'd, at last, to draw off, he claim'd the Victory as well as the *French*.

On his Return to *Paris*, at the Close of this Campaign, there was a Promotion of military Officers; he expected, and indeed his Behaviour and Service claim'd it, to have been nam'd among them; yet scorning to solicit, was left out of the Number, while several Juniors were preferr'd.

This was the first Cause of the Variety of Fortune he has since run through; and if the Errors into which the Count has since plung'd be so very great, CHAMILLARD, who had the Management of these Affairs, and forc'd him into them, has much to answer for. It was now that his Greatness of Spirit, and the Consciousness of his own Merits, began to be display'd; he was much exasperated, but condescended to visit the Minister to complain of the Neglect shewn him.

His

His Remonstrance was receiv'd with an Air of Superciliousness and Impertinence, that put him beyond all Patience; he resented it, in such a Manner, as made CHAMILLARD assure him his Behaviour should not be forgot, who left him in a very angry Mood, hinting, as he went, that there was a Place call'd the *Bastile*.

When BONNEVAL had recover'd the Confusion and Flutter into which this Conference had thrown him, he began seriously to reflect on what might be the Consequence of it. He wisely judg'd the Threats of the Minister might terminate in his Ruin; wherefore raising what Money he could upon his Estate, and borrowing among his Friends, he quitted the Kingdom, abandoning his Fortune, Family, and Wife, nor did he ever return to *Paris*.

I should have told you before, that he had been some Years marry'd to a Daughter of Monsieur *Biron*, to whom the Duke of ORLEANS afterwards restor'd that Dutchy, the Family having forfeited it in the Person of the Marshal Duke DE BIRON, who lost his Head in the Reign of HENRY IV.

He

He had marry'd her with the Consent of both his own and her Family; and though not a perfect Beauty, she was very amiable, and capable from her Appearance, Virtues, and good Sense, to make a Man of Reflection compleatly happy. However, he had not cohabited with her above a Month or two at first, and very seldom since that Time; he has often lamented this Indifference to so good a Woman since his leaving *Europe*; and as he is of a very generous Temper, we must impute it rather to his thoughtless constitutional Love of Variety, than his natural Attachment to Evil.

His Flight was nothing detrimental to this Lady, whose Fortune was well secur'd, while her Virtues recommended her strongly to public Esteem; and she was not only a very great Favourite, but an almost inseparable Companion of the Dutchess of ORLEANS.

From the Frontiers he wrote two or three severe Letters to CHAMILLARD, wherein he plainly told him, he was of a low groveling Genius, ignorant of Business, incapable of distinguishing Desert, whose Conduct would; at length,

length, wean the Hearts of the King's Subjects, lessen him in the Eyes of all *Europe*, would dishonour his Majesty's Confidence, and ruin his Affairs; concluding, that not he alone judg'd thus, but half the Army foresaw it.

He visited several of the *German* Courts, and then he set out for *Rome*, where DE PRIE, not yet made a Marquis, then resided, as an Agent from the Emperor, who shew'd great Inclination to befriend him, and even boasted afterwards of having engag'd him in the Imperial Service; however, the Count did not seem to acknowledge this, at least very slightly, when the Marquis and he afterwards quarrel'd in *Brussels*. Prince EUGENE, who was a very good Judge of military Worth, though, perhaps, but an indifferent Arbitrator in other Matters, look'd upon BONNEVAL as a very valuable Acquisition, and often fir'd him with the Hope of their conjunctively revenging themselves on the *French* Court, for the Injuries they had both sustain'd.

C H A P. III.

*The Emperor promotes him. Prince EUGENE be-
friends him. His first Campaign in that Ser-
vice. Quarter'd at Cosma. An ungenerous
Piece of Revenge. Conspicuous in political as
well as military Knowledge. Engag'd in a dan-
gerous Amour. The Duke of ORLEANS' Friend-
ship for him. He quarrels with Prince EU-
GENE.*

BONNEVAL was confirm'd in his Resolution of entering the *Imperial* Service by the Promise of a Regiment of Foot bearing his own Name, and of being soon made a General Officer, a Point at which he had long aim'd, together with the Assurances of Friendship he receiv'd from Prince EUGENE, who had great Sincerity, and supported his Credit at the Court of *Vienna*, for some Years, against the Clamours often rais'd against him on Account of his Attachment to some People in *France*, and his Character of Irreligion, either of which, singly, had

had been sufficient to have suppress'd his growing Credit, had it not been for the Support of such an illustrious Patron.

Besides, he receiv'd Advice his Behaviour had disgusted the King so very much, that no Favour was to be hop'd from that Quarter. His Estate was confiscated, and few People endeavour'd, or even dar'd, to mitigate his Majesty's Resentment. His Countess implor'd Royal Mercy to no Purpose, all she could obtain was a farther Security of her Income; and even this was regarded as a special Favour.

A vast Number of Soldiers, who had serv'd under him in *Italy*, deserted on hearing that he was raising a Regiment for the Emperor. But, whatever Haste he made in completing it, it could not be brought into the Field early enough to serve that Campaign.

So that he was forc'd to be content with having it quarter'd some Leagues from *Vienna*, which gave him not only an Opportunity of cultivating his Pleasures, but of paying his Respects to the Emperor, with whom he had several private Conferences, wherein he acquainted
that

that Monarch with the Polity of the Court of *France*, and the Characters of her first Ministers, ablest Statesmen, and most renown'd Generals. About this Time was fought the ever-memorable Battle of *Blenheim*, an Event which confirm'd his Imperial Majesty in a good Opinion of the Count's Penetration and Sagacity, who had almost foretold it in his Character of TAL-LARD.

His first Campaign, in the *German* Service, was in *Italy* under Prince EUGENE, where he was present at the Fight of *Cassano*. Few Generals made a greater Figure than him; he entertain'd his Officers every Day at Dinner, and it was inconceivable how he could support his Expences, as he was never known to be in Debt.

He was soon after made a General Officer, as the Prince had promis'd, nor did it seem to procure him any Enmity, as is too often the Consequence of Promotion. Indeed, it may be said, his being a complete Master of the Art of pleasing prevented it. During the Winter he plung'd deeply into all the Diversions of the Court, drank hard, and gam'd very largely; the former
agreed

agreed with him, in the latter he was a very great Gainer.

He return'd with Prince EUGENE into *Italy*, where the *German Army*, that Year, had considerable Advantages. The Duke of ORLEANS was attack'd in his Entrenchments, and completely routed, after being dangerously wounded, leaving his Camp, which was immensely rich, to be plunder'd by the *Imperialists*. BONNEVAL had his Share of the Booty, and, after the Battle, was quarter'd at *Cosma*, laying the Country round under Contribution, while he made his Residence a Sort of Paradise, wherein was wanting no Pleasure, no Diversion, that could contribute to the Entertainment of the Nobility and Gentry, who were invited at free Cost.

In this Place he was guilty of an Action which retorts Disgrace upon a Man of his Gallantry. I am sure you won't forgive it him; nay, I question whether he ever forgave it himself. Imagining he had been ill us'd by a very surly, but a very rich, Fellow, who was jealous as ARGUS of a Wife, handsome as an Angel; to her, out of Revenge, the Count, at a pretty large Expence, procur'd himself to be privately introduc'd;

he always made the best Use of his Time among the Women ; nor is it to be supposed he was more backward in this, than in his other Adventures. The Lady, you may be sure, gave him Satisfaction enough for the Impertinence of her Husband, and he took Care to repeat that Satisfaction several Times during his Stay at *Cosma*. However, he did not imagine his Revenge fully compleated, without the Husband's knowing of the Pleasures he had reap'd in the Arms of the Wife. Wherefore, on quitting the Town, he wrote him a Letter, jesting on the Circumstance, who, the Moment he had perus'd it, without saying a Syllable to any Body, mounted his Horse, and pursu'd the Army, which he soon overtook, and enquir'd for the Count, who knew his Errand, and retir'd with him into a little Wood by the Road-side, where they both drew, and, after a strong Contest, he laid the jealous *Italian* dead at his Feet, who, before he breath'd his last, declar'd, that had it been his Fate to have conquer'd, he would have cut off the Count's Head, and carry'd it as a Present to his Wife, whom he would have afterwards stabb'd to the Heart.

*Italy*

Italy being evacuated by Treaty with the *French*, he was made a Major-General, and went to *Flanders* with the Prince, who conjunctively, with MARLBOROUGH, took *Lisle* after a stout Siege, and concluded the Campaign with forcing *Ghent*.

The Consequence of these Operations was LEWIS XIV. being oblig'd to sue for Peace. The *Hague* was the Seat of Negotiation, and BONNEVAL was appointed in private to oppose it, as much as possible, by fomenting the *Dutch* against it; he succeeded to Admiration. The Operations were commenc'd the ensuing Season with fresh Vigour.

During his Stay at the *Hague*, he became acquainted with a young *English* Girl, of whom he continu'd long extremely fond; she liv'd with her Mother upon a very small Income, and the Count to the last took Care of their Fortunes.

He was judg'd by Prince EUGENE as a very proper Person to defeat the Plans of the *French* presented to the *States-General*; and he, and

Count SINZINDORFF, had a principal Hand in the many Papers publish'd against them. It was owing to these Noblemen, and Lord TOWNSHEND, the *English* Minister, that Abbe PLOLIGNAC, and Marshal D'UXELLES, were forbid coming to the *Hague*. He was now promoted to the Rank of a Lieutenant-General.

I am tedious in my Narration, but you'll excuse it, when you remember I cannot give you a real Picture of this great Man, without pointing out to you his Behaviour in every Employment. And it were Injustice if I conceal'd his Abilities as a Politician, when I intermix'd his Skill of Intrigue with what he manifested in War.

It was not without great Interest, and the Interposition of Prince EUGENE, that he sav'd his Regiment from being broke on the Peace; an Accident that might have reduc'd him to Beggary. The first Disappointment he met with at the Imperial Court was being refus'd the Government of a Town taken from the *Turks*, against whom Prince EUGENE had turn'd his Arms; but then the Emperor's Manner
of

of refusing was so very polite, it could not be taken amiss.

He at this Time narrowly escap'd being kill'd in returning from the House of a certain Countess, with whom he had had an Intrigue, being set upon by three Assassins, two of whom he soon put to Flight, and took the third Prisoner, having dangerously wounded him, from whom, to his great Surprise, he learn'd they were Servants of the aforesaid Lady, who retain'd them to cut off her Gallants; and that this was the Fate of several who had unaccountable disappear'd soon after being remarked to have visited her often. This Story he laid before the Emperor, and the Countess was seiz'd, and order'd to be confin'd for Life in a Castle in the Mountains of *Tirrol*.

He was soon after sent into *Italy*, with the Title of General of Foot, to prosecute some Enterprises devised by Cardinal ALBERONI, that prov'd abortive. It was here that the Duke of ORLEANS, then Regent of *France*, shew'd him a thousand Civilities, ordering the States of *Provence* to furnish his Officers with all Sorts of Ammunition and Artillery; at the

I 3

same

same Time disannulling the Sentence of Outlawry that stood against him in *France*, restoring him to his Honours, and he would have recover'd his Estate, but one of the Count's Brother's had got Possession, and resolv'd not to quit it.

Some People imagin'd this arose from a Friendship they had contracted together when Children, and others imputed it to a Desire of regaining so good a General to the *French* Service; the latter is not improbable. I have heard it said, that he made him Offers on that Account, which, notwithstanding his great Desire of settling in his native Country, he generously refus'd, alledging the Emperor had prov'd to him a very gracious Master, and heap'd on him unmerited Favours, which it were Ingratitude so to repay. Perhaps he had been glad of such Retreat when there was no Duke of ORLEANS living to offer it.

Prince EUGENE had a Mistress who was said to govern him entirely, and there were few Employments in his Highness's Gift that did not pass through her Hands. BONNEVAL ask'd of the Prince a Post of very little Consequence
in

in Favour of a Domestic to a Lady, with whom he had an Amour ; but was answer'd it was already given away, and, on Enquiry, it appear'd to be to one whom the Prince's Mistress had recommended.

This Refusal nettled him ; he told the Prince, nobody could be angry with him for keeping a Mistress ; but every Body that lov'd him must be sorry to see her rule his Conduct, and direct his Judgment. The Reply was, that he was best acquainted with his own Affairs, that he never troubled himself about any Person's Amours, nor did he desire any one to intermeddle with his.

However, BONNEVAL piqu'd at not being able to gratify his Mistress, wrote some satirical Verses upon her who had been the Cause of it ; they were shewn to the Prince, he resented them very highly, and this was the Beginning of the Breach between them, which, at length, widen'd into an irreconcilable Quarrel.

CHAP. IV.

BONNEVAL order'd to Flanders, *A Character of the Governor. They quarrel. The Count order'd to Vienna, and seiz'd. Sent Prisoner to Spilburgh, and condemn'd to die. His Sentence chang'd to Exile. Arrives in Venice. Meets unexpected Assistance. Articles with the Turks. Marries a Venetian Lady. Reception at Constantinople, and professes himself a Mahometan.*

BONNEVAL was soon after order'd to *Flanders* to take upon him the Command as General in Chief of the Foot and Artillery, at the same Time he was paid all his Arrears, which were very considerable, and Notice given him to set out directly. It was thought the Prince dispos'd thus of him, as he had always esteem'd him, to prevent an open Rupture between them.

Here he found the Marquis DE PRIE, Governor of the Low Countries under Prince EU-

GENE,

GENE, which was far from being agreeable to him, as he look'd upon him in the Light of a Dependant to the Lady, who occasion'd the Dispute between the Prince and him. The Marquis was univerfally hated for his Exactions and Meanness, while BONNEVAL's Hospitality, and munificent Disposition, from the first Moment he settled in *Brussels*, made him the Idol of the People. They had a Number of little Disputes, in which the Governor was always worsted; but the great and principal, the Cause of his retiring to the sublime Porte, was as follows.

It had been said at the Sub-Governor's House by the Marchioness, and her Daughter, that the young Queen of *Spain*, Daughter to the Duke of ORLEANS, BONNEVAL's great Friend, had been discover'd in an Intrigue with a young Nobleman, who was stabb'd before her Face, and flung out of a Window, for which she was committed to close Confinement. The Words were repeated next Day at the General's House, who, impatient of so gross an Injury done to the Family of his Friend, enquir'd into the Foundation of such a Report, which ap-

pear'd to be a false and malicious Invention of DE PRIE's Family, who hated the Duke.

On this he allow'd to be publish'd a sort of Defence of the Queen's Reputation, sign'd by himself, in Opposition to what DE PRIE still publicly asserted, wherein he went very near calling him a Villain, and his Wife and Daughter Whores. These were the first Over-flowings of Passion; they were certainly Terms very gross, unbecoming the Mouth of a General Officer, and injurious to the Royal Character he would have defended.

This Dispute grew, at length, to be very warm. The Count openly affronted the Marquis, who, in Return, accus'd him of behaving disrespectfully to his Imperial Majesty, by abusing his Officer, and of an Attachment to the *French* Court, which would prove, in the End, prejudicial to the *Austrian* Interest. BONNEVAL defended himself, and they both heap'd Defences, Remonstrances, Replies, and recriminating Allegations upon the Attention of the Aulic Council, as well as on that of the Emperor.

DE

DE PRIE order'd the Count to repair to the Citadel of *Antwerp*; to this, on being advis'd, he submitted, and went there to remain as a Prisoner till the Emperor should please to settle the Dispute. He wrote to Prince EUGENE, who sent him but a cold Answer.

It was a great while before he receiv'd an Order, summoning him to repair to *Vienna*, to give an Account of these Transactions. He took the *Hague*, in his Way, where he staid upwards of a Month, and publish'd a severe Memorial against DE PRIE, then proceeded, in Spite of the Advice of all his Friends, and several anonymous Letters, assuring him, that there he certainly brav'd an unmerited Death.

He was seiz'd when he came near *Vienna*, and carry'd Prisoner to the Castle of *Spilburgh* in *Moravia*, where he remain'd a short while. When he was acquainted, that the Aulic Council had examin'd into his Conduct, and condemn'd him to die; but the Emperor, out of his great Clemency, spar'd his Life, ordering him to be confin'd for one Year, and then dismiss'd

his Service, with a strict Injunction, never again to set Foot in the Imperial Dominions.

The Substances of the Articles of Accusation against him were, that he was seldom seen at Church, and eat Flesh-Meat on Days that were forbidden. To this, his having been sick and gouty, during his Residence here, was thought a sufficient Reply.

That he was too popular, and his Heart still *French*.

That he had abus'd the Sub-Governor, his Family, and Friends.

That he had dispers'd Satires against the Government. But the Principal was,

That he had disobey'd the Emperor in not repairing to *Vienna* as soon as order'd, but delaying at the *Hague*. Thus proving farther the Disaffection to his Imperial Majesty, which he had before manifested in contemning him, in the Person of such as were invested with his Authority.

After

After his Confinement he retir'd to *Venice*, and lodg'd at a public Inn, without a single Domestic to attend him, he offer'd his Service to the Republic, but was politely refus'd, as he was also by the *Russians*. In this Dilemma he scarcely knew which Way to turn himself, when he receiv'd, from an unknown Hand, a Present of ten thousand Franks, just before the Carnival, and soon after a second Sum of equal Value. At first he knew not to whom he ow'd this Kindness, but, at length, had Reason to believe it came from an illustrious and wealthy Lady, whose Views were purely, being serviceable to so great a Man in Distress; nor was he vain enough to infer, from this Behaviour, that she lov'd him, or befriended him on any Account, but his Deserts.

A *Turkish* Bashaw, who was charg'd with a private Commission to the Republic, and whom BONNEVAL had formerly known in *Hungary*; renewing his Acquaintance, often touch'd him upon his Situation in Life, his Disposition, and the unfair Usage he had met with from the Imperial Government. Discourses of this Sort awaken'd the sleeping Embers of Revenge

venge within his Bosom, alarm'd his Pride, and brought Remembrance in Blushes to his Face; he knew himself wrong'd, and he could not bear to hear another repeat it; that there was great Partiality in the Sentence that had been pass'd upon him; for it had been no more than Justice to have tried DE PRIE, on the Allegations prefer'd against him by the Count, as they had mutually accus'd each other.

The *Turk* represented to him, it was not impossible but the Court of *Vienna* might Influence other Powers to refuse the Offer of his Sword and Service, which were of themselves sufficient Bulwarks of a Throne. That a Defence of his Honour ought to lead him in Search of Revenge, which was to be found no where so probable as in the Service of the Grand Signior, who would be proud of receiving so great a Man, and so experienc'd an Officer, with open Arms. And here was an Asylum in which he might soon teach Prince EUGENE to repent of his having neglected him, and make even his Master tremble.

The Count was of a warm Nature, and Master of a lively Imagination; these Prospects
pleas'd

pleas'd him prodigiouſly, he commiſſion'd his Advifer to make offers for him to the Porte, particularly demanding a Toleration of Chriſtianity. This laſt Article was abſolutely refus'd; and we have before remark'd in what Manner he is ſaid to have eſcap'd ſome Ceremonies a Man muſt undergo in turning *Mahometan*. The other Terms which the Baſhaw obtain'd for him, was the Title of Baſhaw of Three Horſe-Tails, with a Salary of near fifty thouſand Livres a Year; the firſt good Government that ſhould fall, and the Promise of being made Commander in Chief of an Army, ſhould there be a War with the Emperor; to theſe he willingly ſubſcrib'd, and was oblig'd to be ſudden in what he did, ſince it was fear'd theſe Conditions ſhould tranſpire. Beſides, ſome Aſſaſſins were diſcover'd, with Deſigns againſt his Life.

Nor did his Engagements, while in *Venice*, prevent his uſual Deſire of Intriguing. He fell in Love with a young Woman of Faſhion, whom, it is ſaid, he wedded, having procur'd a Diſpenſation of his Marriage from *Rome*, at the very Time he was in Treaty with the *Turkiſh* Priests how to ſave Appearances; there his Intereſt with the Religious, both at *Rome* and *Conſtantinople*,

Constantinople was the same; Money liberally bestow'd; with those of the former it was to please his Mistress, who was a zealous Catholic, and satisfy his Love; with these of the latter, it was to be able to revenge him on his Enemies, maintain his Desire of Pomp, and support his Ambition.

It is not long since this Lady arriv'd here, after having been long expected; and it is said the Count has laid aside his natural Inconstancy, and is faithful to her Charms. He left *Venice* so very privately, at the same Time having procur'd a Report of his Death to be artfully spread, which gain'd sufficient Belief, that it was not without Surprise the Christian Powers heard of his Arrival here, and his having profess'd himself a *Turk*; it has been hinted, that the Imperial Minister had Notice of his first coming into the City, and demanded him to be deliver'd up, on which he sollicitated the *French* Ambassador to claim him as a Subject of his Master, which was refus'd. The Truth of this I can't affirm, but I know that he assum'd the Turban very suddenly, and entertains no very great Esteem for his Countrymen.

ACHMET

7

ACHMET III. receiv'd him with open Arms, confirm'd all the Promises he had made him, and, what is very unusual, had several private Conferences with him before his public Audience, in which it is not to be doubted but he quitted himself pleasingly, and with Honour. He was also invested with the Government of *Arabia Petræa*, which is accompany'd with the Dignity of a Viceroy of the *Ottoman* Empire, and his Income was augmented to near one hundred thousand Livres, in Consideration that there was no War, admitting of his having a Military Command conferr'd upon him. He stands very well at Court, and has been of some Service in his Government, where he resided a short Time. The Grand Visir, who is fond of the *French* for some Favours conferr'd on him by them in his Youth, is his Friend, and he lives now more happily than ever, having won the general Esteem.

This History led me into a Train of Reflection upon the Vicissitudes and Uncertainties of human Life, the Chain of Incidents conducting the Count to *Constantinople*, appear'd to me as whimsical as they were surprising; and

I could

I could not help saying to myself, it is something odd that the Regent of *France* should interest himself so deeply in the Affairs of a Man who so readily became a *Mahometan*; we had no other Opportunity of seeing him during the Time we staid here. RASAC, MONTORIO, and myself, embark'd for *Malta*, imagining we should there speedily meet with Vessels bound for *Marseilles*, it being our Intention to return to *France*.

The satisfying our Curiosity in a Review of this celebrated Island, did not at all break in upon our Route. Here, with infinite Pleasure, we beheld those Fortifications that are daily dug out of the Rocks. There was a great Number of my Friends who would have advised me to stay with them, promising to procure me all the Diversions the Place afforded; but I was deaf to their Entreaties, and embark'd on Board a *French* Vessel, which brought us in nine Days to *Marseilles*, where the following melancholy Adventure, which had happen'd a few Days before our Arrival, was related to us by a Merchant lodging in our Inn.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

They arrive at Marseilles. The Adventures of
ANNA COLIVA.

ON board one of my Vessels, (says the Merchant) which left *Tunis* about twelve Days since, there was a young Woman, nam'd ANNA COLIVA, whose Adventures in *Africa* it is necessary I should relate, before I give you a Detail of what befel her in *Marseilles*.

She was born in a Village of *Albania* (a Territory belonging to the *Venetians*) and descended from a noble Family, but betray'd into Slavery, with her Father, Mother, and one of her Sisters, by the Perfidy of a *Greek* Renegado, who was a Shipwright. The Father, ignorant of the *Grecian's* Apostacy, whose Friend he had been a long Time, consented to dine, on the Ship-builder's Invitation, together, with all his Family, on board a new Ship lying in the Road
completely

completely fitted, and ready to set sail. The Traytor immediately secur'd them, put out to Sea, and steer'd with a fair Wind for *Tunis*, where he sold those four unfortunate People. They did not long support their Bondage, her Father and Mother dying soon, the Sister following shortly after, so that ANN only remain'd alive, a fine Girl, and but just fifteen Years old, with whom her Patron, MEHEMET, fell desperately in Love.

He would have exerted the Right *Turks* generally usurp over their Slaves; and it was not without Tears and Entreaties that this virtuous Girl appeas'd, at least for a while, the criminal Desires of her pitiless Master. Her Tranquillity was but short-liv'd, his Passion increas'd, and was to be satisfied only by Gratification. It is certain that he really lov'd her, for he advis'd her to change her Religion, promising to become her Husband. The dreadful Proposition startled her, she rejected it with Horror, and the Fear, which she had of his incessant Importunities, joining her Grief for the Loss of her dear Parents, threw her into a violent Fit of Sickness.

Father

Father JOHN DAMAZIN, of the Order of *Redemption*, coming to this Capital to redeem Captives, being inform'd of her Danger, made her Illness a Pretext to snatch her a while from the inordinate Desires of the intemperate MEHEMET. He demanded that she might be carried to the Hospital of *St. John* the appointed Receptacle for such Christian Slaves as are found to be dangerously ill. MEHEMET consented, COLIVA was remov'd, and, for a little Time, in some Measure, consol'd.

She remain'd here three Weeks without Persecution, when her Patron, who daily enquir'd after her Health, requir'd her to be re-deliver'd to him. In vain was it alledg'd she remain'd sick. He answer'd, he was Master of his own Slaves, and insisted absolutely on her being given up, adding, if they refus'd, they should find he would fetch her thence by Force. The good Father, finding it would be as well dangerous as fruitless to resist, promis'd she should be forth coming in two Days, in which Time there happen'd an Accident that spoke the Interposition of the divine Arm between her Virtue and Destruction,

MEHEMET.

MEHEMET was arrested by the Dey's Orders, all his Goods confiscated, and COLIVA chang'd her Master for the Monarch. This Prince, who took a Review of the Slaves, understanding one of them was then at the Hospital of St. JOHN, order'd her to be produc'd, and, having seen her, appointed her Apartments in his Seraglio. He had a Son nam'd HALI, born of a *Genoese* Woman, who had turn'd *Turk*. This Prince, having married two Women without having Children by either, took a Liking to COLIVA, and desir'd it as a Favour of his Father that he might marry her, hoping she would prove less barren than the others. The Dey easily consented to gratify his Wish. The young Prince believ'd that the Ambition of becoming Sultana would have wrought so effectually on the Mind of COLIVA, as to perfect a Change of her Religion; but he soon found that he knew little of her Disposition, in thinking she was to be won by the Pomp of Titles, or the Glance of Greatness. She obstinately refus'd to renounce Christianity, and was not to be tempted by Riches, which are but transitory, nor to be soften'd with Sighs, still less to be depended on.

Mildness

Mildness was exercis'd in vain, she continu'd inexorable ; so that, finding how little he gain'd upon her, he us'd her grossly ill, notwithstanding Promises of the contrary made to the reverend Father ; nay, his Anger went so far as to order her corporal Punishment from the black Eunuchs. The Priest, being inform'd of her Situation, plainly saw, that, to save her Honour and Virtue, she must be redeem'd. He talk'd to the Dey of her Ransom, which was fix'd at 1500 Piaftres ; but Father JOHN, not being Master of that Sum, was oblig'd to apply for it among the Christian Merchants, by whom he was soon furnish'd. COLIVA was releas'd, and Orders taken to have her transmitted to *Marseilles*, whence she might easily pass to *Spain*, to the Family of the Dutchess DE MEDINA CELI, to whom he had particularly recommended her. Her Grace had promis'd to take this Orphan into her Family under her own Care, and waited her Arrival with Impatience after the first Intelligence she had receiv'd of her.

She embark'd on board my Vessel (says the Merchant) being accompanied to the Water-Side by all the *French* who were at *Tunis*. The
Captain

Captain set Sail with a fair Wind, which continu'd forty-eight Hours, when a Storm arising put the Ship in some Danger; however, it not being quite contrary, they arriv'd the fourth Day off the Castle *D'il*, where they were oblig'd to perform Quarantine.

COLIVA, and a Monk who was on board, chose to be carried to the Hospital of *Lazars* to rest themselves after the Fatigue of the Seas, which still ran very high, the Wind not being much abated; where the Captain entreated them to defer going on Shore till it was somewhat calmer. His Remonstrances were in vain, the Agitation of the Vessel being very great, made them so qualmish, that they determin'd to quit it at any Rate. The Captain order'd his Boat out to conduct them into Port, that they might be presented to the Commissaries of Health. They had made more than Half their Way when a sudden Squall of Wind overfet the Boat. Poor COLIVA and the Friar were drown'd in the Sight of many Persons, who were unable to assist them; nor was it without great Difficulty that the Sailors swam to Shore. I had the Adventure (says he) of this Girl, and the Account of her Death, communicated to me by
Letter

Letter from the Captain, who has not as yet finish'd his Quarantine.

This Story sensibly affected me ; I admir'd the Fatality of Destiny, and could not, without Pain, reflect upon the many Troubles joining to make some People's Lives unfortunate, who, in Reality, merit very different Fates.

The Marquis DE MONTORIO took his Leave soon after our Arrival at *Brussels*, and embark'd for *Nice* ; nor was it without Regret we parted from so amiable a Companion. After having seen every Thing that is worth it here, we proceeded to *Aix*, the Capital of *Provence*. This Town is handsome and well-built, it has a good River, some Fountains after the *Italian* Taste, and the Houses are magnificent.

We pass'd our Hours here but very indifferently, the Affair of Father GIRARD and Miss CADIÈRE, which had happen'd a very short Time before, had thrown the whole Town into Confusion, so that Strangers, who would chuse to avoid such Bustles, could find very little Satisfaction. Hence we went on to *Avignon*, where we had the Honour of meeting the Duke

of ORMOND, who appear'd not in the least afflicted at his distress'd Situation. His House was the Rendezvous of the most amiable People of both Sexes; Strangers were entertain'd at it with the greatest Elegance, and we were among the Number who often visited his Grace during our remaining at this Town.

I was, in some Measure, surpriz'd at that Air of Ease and Content with which he supported his Misfortunes, and knew not how to account for it. However, a Gentleman, who was an Inhabitant of the Town, and attended him often, with whom I had some Discourse upon this Subject, told me it arose from Love, that universal Balm for every distress'd Mind.

“ The Duke of ORMOND (continu'd he) on
“ his first Arrival here, seem'd but ill adapted
“ to the Frowns of Fortune; he bore his Banishment with visible Impatience, but, to the
“ Love-bestowing Eyes of the Marchioness
“ DE ———, he sacrific'd all Thoughts of his
“ Country; *England*, Disgrace, the Loss of
“ Titles, and Forfeiture of Wealth, were no
“ longer Objects of his revolving Thoughts;
“ thence were they exil'd all, and the God of
“ Love,

“ Love, whose Pangs are not to be transcended,
“ whose Pleasures are supreme, assum’d the ab-
“ dicated Place.”

I should be glad to hear (said I) some of the Particulars of this Passion, whose Effects have been so very violent as to induce so great a Man entirely to forget his Misfortunes.



C H A P. VI.

The Occasion of the Duke of ORMOND's leaving England. Ill us'd by the Chevalier DE ST. GEORGE. Retires to Avignon, and has an Affair with the Marchioness DE ———. Her Avarice, Ambition, and Use of his Grace. BEAUVAL returns to Paris, and falls in Love with Madam DE FONVIELLE, which he communicates to RASAC.

YOU know (says he) that this Nobleman, whose Name is BUTLER, was not only one of the richest Peers of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but descended from one of the most considerable Families; it was he who succeeded the Duke of MARLBOROUGH as Commander in Chief of the *British* Forces, when they separated from the grand Alliance previous to the Peace of *Utrecht*. He was made Use of as the Head of a Party, who, not able to support the Superiority they had obtain'd, were forc'd to abandon their Chiefs to a Disgrace in which he shar'd.

The

The Divisions, that subsisted in *England* immediately after the Death of the Queen, in which his Partisans were manifestly worsted, oblig'd him to retire to *France*, where he join'd the Pretender, who, not using him with all that Delicacy he very justly expected, on Account of his Wealth, his Adherence, and his Family, became obnoxious to him, and his Grace withdrew to *Avignon*.

The Ingratitude of the Chevalier DE ST. GEORGE (of which he imagin'd he had Reason to complain) the Consideration of what he had forfeited on his Account, attended by so indifferent a Return, weigh'd heavily on his Heart; but Love can smooth the frowning Brow of Fate.

He had often seen the Marchioness DE —, she is agreeable, has a great deal of Wit, and her Conversation is able to conquer, if possible, a stronger Melancholy than his. Of this he became, in a short Time, so sensible, that he could scarcely bear to be out of her Sight. She went to one of her Country-Seats, where he soon visited her, and staid for three Weeks. It

was then he first began to perceive his being in love, without being able to resist the Passion, to whose earlier Attacks he had been a Stranger. The secret Impulses of his Heart now assur'd him of its Subjection, in which he rather seem'd to take Satisfaction, than to endeavour to eradicate it; he doubted not but, at length, he should entirely forget those Misfortunes, the Remembrance of which gradually retir'd before the Progress of her Perfections.

He unfolded to her the Sentiments of his Soul, nor was he displeas'd at the Reception; it was what she had long expected, being before convinc'd she was not indifferent to him, and flatter'd with the Idea of having a Lover of his Rank, she was easily won, relying for Happiness on his Constancy; nor did she seem to deceive herself, for his Grace, charin'd with the Hopes she had given him, appear'd to have no other Care but that of pleasing his Mistress. His Troubles were forgot, and he own'd no Power but Love.

It is true she resisted his Attacks at first, but, in a Month's Time, surrender'd at Discretion. It must be allow'd in her Favour that he was vigilant

vigilant and active, and as she had no Allies, Proof against his powerful Assaults, it was impossible to expect she should hold out for ever.

In the Country this Lover made himself entirely happy ; it was in a Wood bordering upon the *Rhone*, where he first clasp'd her in his Arms, and it often afterwards serv'd them for a Retreat. Beneath a verdant Bower the Duke bid Defiance to Care, and gave a loose to Pleasure, blest as *ÆNEAS* in the Grotto ; and if our Hero was less pious, he had the Merit of being more constant. For two Years successively he enjoy'd the Marchioness, notwithstanding which he every Day found her more and more amiable. The Public were not long Strangers to this Intrigue, nor did the Rendezvous in the Wood remain undiscover'd.

Some of his Grace's Attendants, who suspected the Matter, miss'd the Marchioness and him upon a Walk ; on their Return it was observ'd, that they were a good deal ruffled, and seem'd involv'd in that agreeable Confusion, consequential to the Pleasures and Fatigue of an amorous Encounter.

This Intrigue of the Duke of ORMOND engross'd, for a few Days, the whole Attention of this Place ; the Desire that he had of convincing her how truly he esteem'd her, induc'd him to devise daily something new for her Entertainment, in the Enjoyment of which all the People of Quality shar'd. Concerts and Balls, either preceded, or follow'd by very elegant Repasts, were incessantly bestow'd, while the Marchioness, raptur'd with the illustrious Conquest, fear'd only the Loss of him, and meditated nothing but how to bind him faster.

It was necessary his Grace should imagine this her *first* Intrigue. She had not liv'd so long without being taught, both by Reason and Experience, that unmolested Possession, and a constant Course of Enjoyment, were certain Damps to the Torch of the God of Love ; it was for this Reason she, from Time to Time, affected little Piques, and rais'd trifling Quarrels, which commonly ended in the tenderest Reconciliations. Thus did she secure his Fidelity, increase his Passion, and bind him securely in the Fetters of her Attractions.

But

But her Stratagems were forsaken when she thought her Point absolutely gain'd; she saw him sincere in his Attachment, and relying on that to secure his Constancy, dropp'd the Entertainment and Festivities that the Duke had so long maintain'd, through an innate Spirit of Avarice, which was a prevailing Passion in her Composition; and the Public lost considerably, both in Profit and Pleasure, by this Retrenchment.

Gold was the darling Passion of her Soul, and Guineas had Charms much more attractive than Toys, Sweetmeats, or Ribbons, while he, attentive only to what might give her Pleasure, became covetous also in his Turn, or, at least, affected to be so. She reform'd his House, regulated the Number of Domestics, turn'd away some, retaining only whom she pleas'd, and retrenching the Superfluities of his Table. He seems now to have no Thought but of her, as insensible to his domestic Avocations, as to the Calls of Grandeur and Renown; this Day beholds him abandon'd entirely to the Discretion and Guidance of a Woman.

Though you perceive a good deal of Splendor about him, it is but a poor Residue of his Magnificence. About two Days since the Marchioness went into the Country, whither he is preparing to follow her, and in about fifteen Days they intend returning again to Town. It is in this happy Retreat, that abandon'd to an uninterrupted Course of Pleasure, they forget all the World, and find Content in mutual Endearments.

It was not my Business to find Fault with the Conduct of the Duke of OR——D, perhaps I was the last Man in the World who should blame the Violence of Passion. RASAC now press'd me to return to *Paris*, nor did I find myself much averse to his Advice, my Father having written Word that he intended to meet me there. We set out Post from *Avignon*, and came to Town in about a Week, where we soon renew'd our former Set of Acquaintances, and re-assum'd our old Manner of Living. The Morning was employ'd in serious Visits, the Afternoon in the Improvement of useful Studies, and the Evening at the Opera, Concert, or the Countess of ——; it was here

here that I often met with Mademoiselle DE FONVIELLE. She was handsome, sung to a Miracle, and as we had often private Concerts, she had frequent Opportunities of exerting her Voice.

Love now found Entrance at my Ears, I took Delight to accompany her, and she began at last to stile me her Music Master. I taught her some Italian Cantata's, which were admir'd at *Venice* and *Rome*, in these it seem'd to be her Care to shine, and my Liberty every Hour decreas'd; nor was it from this alone that she charmed, she was very lively, had a great deal of Wit, Eyes whose Power were irresistible; and if her Beauties were not the most regular, yet she had the Art of pleasing beyond those who are handsomer; there was no need of Advantages to entrap a Heart so tender as mine; my Tranquility vanish'd, my Peace of Mind was fled, and Love stole once again upon my Inclinations; this my Friends easily perceiv'd, however I took great Care to conceal my Weakness from the World, but more particularly from RASAC; there was one Person to whom in the Communication of it I should have found very great Pleasure, and this was the dear Cause of it.

The Passion grew upon me, yet I determined to conceal it, since there was no Prospect of Consolation, but from revealing it to a Woman; of whom I dreaded to be made the Jest, tho' she often enquir'd the Occasion of my Melancholy. I did not dare to satisfy her, notwithstanding my Impulse thereto was very strong. I fear'd her Answer might be such as would have made me despair, and I chose rather to let it prey upon me, than by seeking Comfort from applying to her, to run the Hazard of having my Passion despis'd, for her Gaiety perswaded me she was incapable of Tenderness.

It happen'd one Morning when we were all sitting together, and I was teaching her an *Italian Air*, that some Business call'd the Countess away, and left us together. I had been so melancholy for some Time past, that Mademoiselle said to me, "Faith, dear Count, I believe we
" shall lose you very soon; you will certainly
" fall into the Vapours if you give yourself up
" thus to imaginary Grievs; come, tell us
" what's the Matter with you? What is it you
" torment yourself for? Why this dismal Countenance? I see no Reason for it, and, if I
" was not intimately acquainted with you as a
" daily

“ daily Visitor, in Truth I should imagine you
“ in Love.”

My Confusion, at these unexpected Questions, was too visible to be conceal'd, and tho' it affected me strongly, I laid hold of the present Opportunity to say, “ Yes, charming FOND-
“ VIELLE, it is Love that renders me un-
“ happy, a Love that is the Cause of all my
“ Evils, which nothing can remedy but Death.”
“ O ho ! (cries she) you are in Love then, are
“ you ?” I am so (answer'd I) and though my
“ Passion is very violent, I have not the Cou-
“ rage to acknowledge it to her who causes
“ it.”

The tender and expressive Manner in which I spoke these Words made her serious. She found she had gone too far, and would willingly have retracted, but I had already spoke too much to make me afraid of proceeding. “ It is you
“ (continued I) who gives me this Uneasiness,
“ which a tender Look, or a kind Word, can
“ alleviate ; my Fate is in your Hands, and it
“ is yours to pronounce it. If you are so irre-
“ concilable an Enemy to Love, as not to be
“ impress'd, if you insist upon my stifling my
“ Passion

“ Passion and my Sighs, in Silence and Separation, I only ask to finish my Days in a Course which Fortune seems to have allotted me. I insist not on your Love, I only intreat you to give me Assurances of not hating me, and not to deprive me of the dear Satisfaction of thinking, that, at one Time, I may be able to conquer your Indifference.”

MADAM DE FONVIELLE heard me with a good deal of Coldness, and replied, with an Air of Wisdom and Modesty, it was not consistent with her Character, to enter into my Sentiments; but nevertheless the Friendship which she had for me, prevented her from answering so sharply, as she might otherwise have done, that she was not one of those Prudes who ridiculously imagine their Virtue scandaliz'd by the slightest Occurrence, but she was not at all ignorant, that a Girl, of considerable Expectations and genteel Family, might justly be accus'd of Imprudence to enter into any Engagements without the Consent of her Friends.

Though this answer was very vague, and had nothing in it leading to Certainty; yet I determined to hope. For three Months I attended her

her constantly, and watched every Opportunity of doing her Service, which she accepted with an Air of Friendship and Politeness, that made me applaud my own Address.

As she avoided every Opportunity of being alone with me, I was oblig'd to have Recourse to the Language of my Eyes to speak that of my Heart, since Looks and Sighs, that now and then escap'd me, were Bounds I durst not presume to exceed. RASAC, to whom my Gloominess gave Concern, examined strictly my Conduct, and, doubting not but Love was the Cause of my Grief, soon became Master of the Secret by closely attending my Behaviour. Nor was it long before he receiv'd Conviction *whose* Charms had assail'd me ; the Discovery gave him a great deal of Satisfaction, as she was a Lady for whom he had the highest Esteem, and he look'd upon her as a Person very fit for my Alliance.

CHAP. VII.

BEAUVAl's *Amour with FONVIELLE continu'd.*
The Arrival of the Marquis DE MIROL.

AS my Father was soon expected at *Paris*,
RASAC told me the Intent of his Journey was to look out a proper Match for me, and settle me in Life. It was then I unfolded to him my Inclinations, and protested to him I should esteem, beyond the Wealth of Worlds, the obtaining, through his Assistance, the Hand of her I lov'd. "Has she consented (says he) that you should demand her of her Family in Form?" No (answer'd I) and though I am certain she has no Aversion to me, I never yet had the Boldness to explain myself to her."

"Well then (says RASAC) since you are sure that you have no Difficulty to triumph over, but the Consent of both your Families, leave the Management of that important Point to me." The Friendship I knew
he

he had for me, left me no Room to doubt but he would do all in his Power for my Satisfaction; embolden'd by these hopes, I waited impatiently an Opportunity of speaking privately with my Mistress; an Attempt in which Fortune favour'd me, in spite of all her prudent Precautions.

I happily found the Countess and Mademoiselle *tete a tete*, after Dinner. You are come very appropos (says the former) for I am obliged to step into my Closet to write a Letter, and must beg of you to entertain the Lady; so saying, she left us together without waiting a Reply. I laid hold of the lucky Moment to approach her, and said, You see, Madam, notwithstanding the prodigious Care you have taken to prevent me the dear Pleasure of telling you the Power of your Eyes, and the very great Effect they have upon me, Fortune, yet less cruel, has bestow'd the Satisfaction. What have I done that I should appear so very odious to you? Why would you deprive me of the Happiness of complaining? This was all that I entreated of you, since I neither insisted upon your loving me, nor on any Return of my Declarations; all that I ask'd was the small Satisfaction

faction of telling you that I ador'd you. Don't refuse me this trifling Favour; allow me, at least, to alleviate my Grief, by the Pleasure I may enjoy in speaking it.

I have already told you (says she) what were my Sentiments, and that if I enjoyn'd your Silence, it was that I might not be obliged to banish you for ever from my Presence. Suppose it were true that you are not indifferent to me, is it not to be suspected you would think yourself too happy? But you will never be taught. Have I not already told you that I have not the Disposal of my Hand, but am dependant upon my Family; they are to regulate my Fate, and to decide for me the Person that I ought to Love; if any weak Inclinations should otherwise dispose me, my Heart, incapable of Dissimulation, will endeavour to subject my Love to the Laws of Virtue, and confine it in the Bounderies of Duty.

But, dear FONVIELLE (said I) how shall I pretend to ask the Consent of your Family, without having previously obtain'd yours; it is a Proceeding you would not have taken well of me? And, I confess to you, I would not take
a single



a single Step which would give you room to imagine, that I should be happy in obtaining you from any other but yourself.

Here I related to her the Conference I had with RASAC, and the Hopes which he had given me in Consequence thereof. I have already told you (answer'd she) that I am subservient to the Will of my Parents, and you shall never find me oppose what they command; if they consent to gratify your Desires, you see that I know to what my Duty must lead me.

Cannot (said I) my Tears, my Sighs, my Constancy, or my Assiduity, influence your Determination, and must I only owe you to Obedience? I would rather renounce the Happiness than win you at that Price; it is not thus, Madam, a Heart, tender as mine, is to be satisfied. You are vastly delicate (reply'd she, laughing) there are few Lovers would push their Scruples to such Length as you do; however, to content you once more I repeat it, that I shall pay a proper Deference to my Parents, and you shall find me not at all averse, if they chance to approve of you as well as I do.

Charm'd.

Charm'd with this Declaration I fell upon one Knee, and grasping her Hand, kissed it several Times, with great Eagerness, much against her Will, crying out, you have restored me to Life, you have re-established my Soul in Peace, there is no Obstacle in the World which would not appear Light in my Attempt to surmount it, if in the End I was to be rewarded with your Consent. Prithee, rise, (says my Mistress) and don't play the Fool any longer, what would the Countess say should she find you in this ridiculous Posture? Though our Conversation is very innocent, we cannot assure ourselves that she would believe so; if it be really your Intention to please me, resume your former Behaviour with Respect to me, and be certain of my Displeasure should your Sentiments transpire to the World.

Though it is apparent that our Families will neither of them oppose our Union, it is impossible to be certain of what may happen; and a Girl who admits of Gallantries, though with a very innocent Intention, will thereby hurt her Reputation by giving Breath to Scandal. I thanked her a thousand Times for the Advice
which

which she gave me, as well as for her favourable Declarations, and assur'd her of my Silence and Discretion.

The Countess came in soon after, and had she examin'd me ever so little, might have easily perceiv'd that something more than common had happen'd to me, notwithstanding the composed Air which I affected. She propos'd going to the Opera, FONVIELLE consented to accompany her, and I had the Honour of being their Gentleman Usher, after which she invited us to sup at her House, which it was impossible for me to refuse, though I never long'd for any Thing more, than an Opportunity of communicating to RASAC the Heads of the Conversation which had passed between my Mistress and me; she would willingly have engaged FONVIELLE to be of the Party, but she refus'd.

The Opera was finish'd early; and while we were waiting for Supper, after our Return, the Countess entertain'd me with Observations upon the several Ladies she had seen in Public; she was very satyrical, but there was so much Wit intermix'd with all she said, that her Conversation prov'd vastly agreeable, insomuch that I
was

was never better pleas'd in my Life. Tell me honestly (said she) don't you think our Sex much more sincere than yours; I speak plainly what I think, if I call SYLVIA a Prude, and MARIA a Coquet, it is because, in my Opinion, they deserve it. While for your Part, Count, (continues she) notwithstanding all your Philosophy, you can find a thousand Faults in the Things which, at the same Time, you applaud. Now don't you think it a Master-Stroke of Politics to have persuaded Mr. LUNGS that he smiles gracefully, though nothing can be more disagreeable than his Horse-Laugh; that there is Spirit in his Argument, while for its Incoherence and Folly he ought to be excluded Society. You applaud the Slovenliness of my Lord INDOLENT, swear that he is amiable, and does every Thing with an Air of Gallantry, while his Behaviour is utterly inconsistent with Delicacy, or even Decency.

Madam (said I) that for which you blame us is, in Society, esteem'd Complaisance, I make it my Study to excuse People's Failings, because, conscious of my own Deficiencies, I would willingly be treated mildly myself; and without setting up for Censor-General of the Age, I

am content to suppress and condemn in myself the Ridicule which I perceive in others, without priding myself for my Penetration, and endeavour to apply them to my Improvement, as well as Amusement.

I understand you (said the Countess, laughing) your Lesson is a good one, but I overlook that fraternal Charity which you are pleas'd to have for Ridicule and Folly; however, you wont prove to me that this ought to engage you in supporting Impertinence, or interpreting drunken Frolics into Sallies of Wit and happy Exploits; yet I do not doubt but your great Goodness would call Colonel RHENISH a fine Gentleman, or tell Lord LOOBY that he is well made, and has the Air of Nobility.

No, Madam (reply'd I) I should never carry Complaisance to so great a Length; but now excuse me if I repeat some of the Failings of your Sex, since you have been so free with those of mine. There is something more than simple Sincerity in the scandalous Chronicles the Ladies compile of their Neighbours, though you, Madam, are an Exception to the Number; and, I am afraid, that Love, Hatred, Jealousy,

lousy, the Desire of pleasing, and indeed all the Passions, by Turns, preclude in their Decisions, and they have greater Inclination maliciously to enjoy, than humanely to correct Error.

This Conversation was interrupted by the Entry of the Marquis DE MIROL, who seem'd big with some new Intelligence. I am come to sup with you (says he) and I have got the comicallest, the most surprising Story to tell you—all the Town will have it soon, so I was resolv'd to be the first to tell it to you, only for this I should have gone to Lady PIQUE's to Night, but I have put it off on your Account.

Well (said the Countess) prithee let us have it. You shall, you shall (answer'd he) don't you know LA POPLINIÈRE? Not I, indeed, (return'd she). Then (says the Marquis) the Story concerns him; but before I relate it I'll draw his Picture for you, you will find it an Original.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A diverting Adventure. Old BEAUVAL arrives at Paris. FONVIELLE's Account of herself. Her Story concluded.

LA POPLINIÈRE is very rich, and very ugly, a compleat Blockhead, and fond to excess of his powerful Genius, and pretty Person ; he is Son to a Farmer-General, affects the Air and Deportment of a Man of Quality ; has a Knack at Rhyming, can make out a halting Stanza, set it to Music, and sing it with his own base Voice, and all the Grimaces of the Girls of the Opera, a Set of Women who engross all his Time, through whose Means he commenc'd Acquaintance with the Prince DE—.

You cannot be ignorant of his Highness's great Character ; he is all Goodness, and declar'd himself the Protector of Arts, at a Time when Ignorance seem'd to make large Advances

L

at

at assuming her antient Empire of Darkneſs. Deceiv'd by a ſlight Acquaintance, he miſtook the Character of LA POPLINIÈRE, treating him with great Complaiſance, making him one of his private Parties, and forgetting his Rank ſo far, as in his Company to give an unbounded Loofe to Pleaſure.

The Prince was fond of Madam LA HANTIERE, and generally made this Coxcomb one of a ſelect Number of Friends who attended him in his Viſits to her; but he, inſtead of prizeing the very great Honour done him, which he ſo little deſerv'd, had Vanity enough to become his Rival; and though the Reſolution was ridiculous, he took ſuch Care to conceal it from his Highneſs, that it was never in the leaſt ſuſpected.

The Farmer-General depending upon his Riches, and knowing how prodigiouſly Gold influences Girls of her Profeſſion, made no Myſtery of his Paſſion to LA HANTIERE, accompanying his Declaration with a Purſe of Luiſdors, which was favourably receiv'd. The good-natur'd Girl imagining a rich Citizen in Love was worthy to ſhare with the Prince in
her

her Embraces, since Money made up for the Deficiency of Rank, and this Commerce was so discreetly conducted for some Months, that the illustrious Dupe had not the least Intimation of it.

The Prince being confin'd to his Chamber by a slight Indisposition, sent for LA HANTIERE to come and visit him; the young Farmer-General approaching, at the same Time, to pay his Respects. After an Hour or two passed in Conversation, his Highness, inclining to Sleep, order'd the Curtains to be drawn close round his Bed, and endeavour'd to compose himself to rest, leaving the two Lovers on a Couch by the Fire.

Though they had no Occasion to lay hold of so dangerous an Opportunity, the Devil, who is always an Enemy to Mankind, with his usual Malice, stirr'd up the Flame of Concupiscence in their Hearts; the Fear of any Accident, for some Time, prevented their giving Way to such ill-tim'd Desires, but Necessity has no Law, the Couch was destin'd for the Scene of Pleasure; but, in the very Moment of their Happiness, the Prince, who had only slumbered

L 2

a little,

a little, drew back the Curtains, and beheld his two Friends in a Situation, as comical as it was surprizing and unexpected; their Confusion excited his Mirth as well as Anger; he rung for his Servants, intending to have shewn LA POPLINIERE the shortest Way into the Street out of a Window, but he anticipated the Prince's Intention by getting out of the House with all possible Expedition, though not with his usual tiresome Servility, which the Disorder of his Affairs would not permit.

LA HANTIERE was ignominiously discarded, and the Prince, inflexible to her Tears and Intreaties, had her the next Day confin'd in a Workhouse, while he procur'd an Order for banishing LA POPLINIERE to *Bordeaux*.

There is a good deal of Humour in this Story, Marquis, said the Countess; and, I think, the many Tales of this Sort every Day told about the Opera Singers, shew how ridiculous it is to intrigue with them. What Satisfaction can a Man of Gallantry and Delicacy reap from an Amour with a Woman for whose Birth, Manners, Conduct, and Sentiments he must blush twenty Times a Day.

I took

I took my Leave of the Countess after the Recital of this Story, and soon found RASAC, to whom I immediately communicated the Conversation I had with my Mistress, and, by my Emotion, he easily judg'd the Violence of my Passion. The Arrival of my Father, which happen'd a few Days after, accelerated my Felicity, since, from the Representations of my Friend concerning my amorous Inclinations, he readily consented to giving me that Establishment which seem'd absolutely necessary for my Peace, promising to demand the Lady in Form of her Family ; a Piece of News which, the next Morning, in Person, I communicated to her.

Why (says she) here is one Party gain'd with Ease, I can't answer for your having so little Trouble with the other. My Father, who for some Time past thought he could have given me a very large Fortune without hurting himself, is at present a little straighten'd by the Indiscretion of one of my Aunts, not but it will be all made up in the End, for, at her Death, Things will fall into their proper Channel again.

You

You are mistaken (reply'd I) if you imagine Interest has the least concern in our Union, and I should prefer you, without any Portion, to the greatest Heiress in *France*. You may, perhaps (says she) but do you think your Father will? Consider what a great Fortune I have been esteem'd for some Time, which, at present, he is not able to disburse. I told her, that this would be the least of my Father's Concern. Well (says she) you are the best Judge of this Affair; but pray have you never heard what occasion'd the Dispute between my Father and my Aunt? on declaring I had never heard any Thing concerning it, she went on thus.

You cannot have forgotten with what Fury and Vehemence the good Woman sometime since declaim'd against the Jesuits, and the Bull, two or three Priests whom she maintains, who are always with her, and encourage her in her Follies; she was very bountiful in her Presents, not only to several Persons whom the King banish'd, but also to many of the Party who remain'd in *Paris*; though my Father could not help regretting this whimsical Extravagance, yet it was his Business to praise her, as she left him

him the peaceable Enjoyment of 16000 Livres a Year. Ten or twelve Days ago she inform'd me, that she could not, without Scandal to her Conscience, think of admitting so much of her Substance to be squander'd away by a Man whose Faith was so much suspected; in vain did my Father attempt to reason with her, she insisted on its being given up, and the only Favour we could obtain, was her making a formal Gift of the Reversion of it to me and my Brother, in the Presence of a Notary, though it was ours by Right of Inheritance.

This Accident, Madam, (said I) shall be no Obstacle to our Happiness, of this let our speedy Marriage convince you; for, by this Time, my Father and my Friend have obtained the Consent of your Family. What I utter'd was true, my Father sacrificed present Advantage to my Happiness, which is indeed great, and her Friends could have no Exception to the Match.

Our Nuptials were soon after celebrated, and every Day since this coveted Conjunction, has been one uninterrupted Scene of Pleasure and Tranquility. Matrimony has rather increas'd
than

than diminish'd my Tenderness, and I am more than a Husband. I no longer remember my former Inclination, except when I would sometimes compare my past Misfortunes with my present Felicity.

F I N I S.



